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Screenland

JUNE

plus

TV-LAND

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I Had My
honeymoon
to Live Over

JANET LEIGH

the Stanwyck-
Chiess-Taylor
triangle

ANN BLYTH

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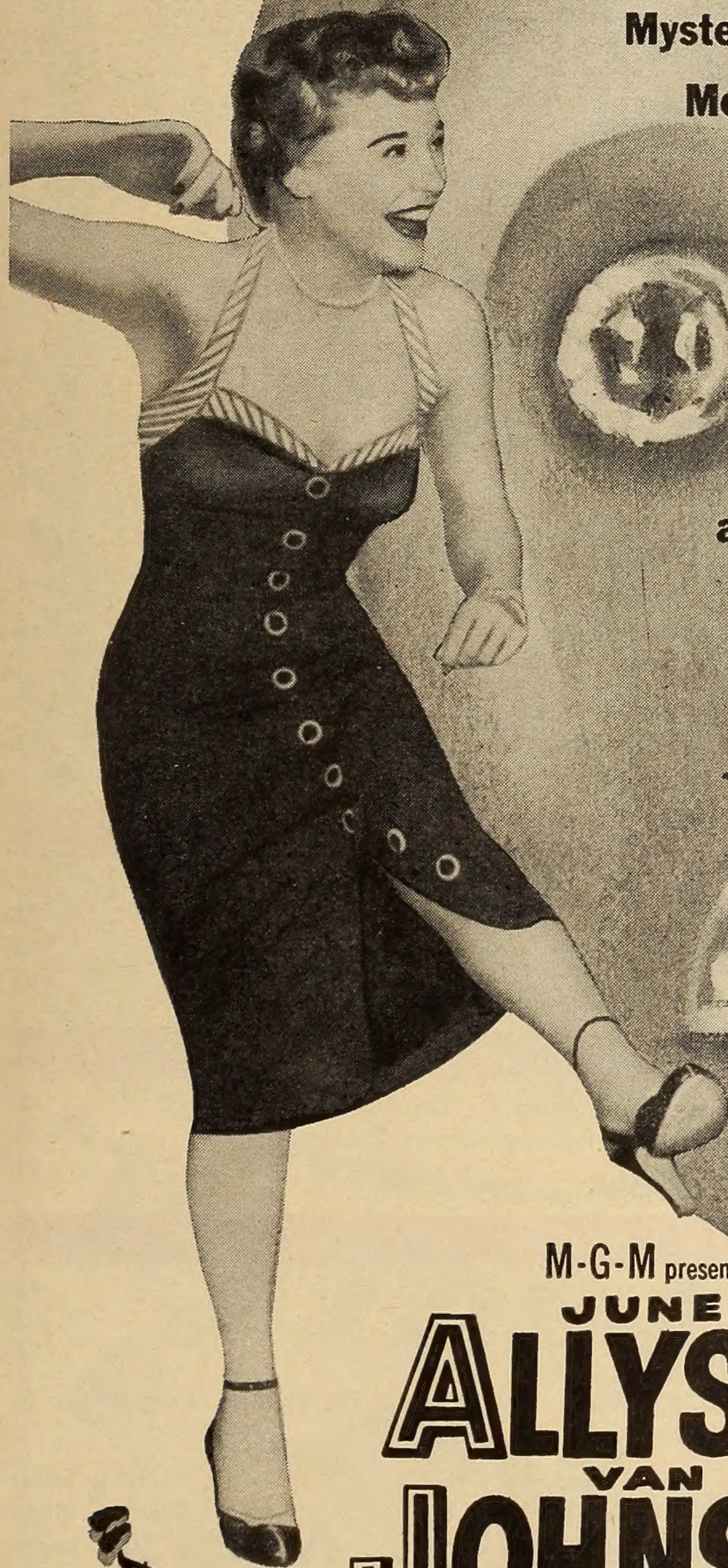
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hot licks

amid blood-chilling

menace!



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WITH

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HOWARD LINDSAY AND RUSSEL CROUSE

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Screenland

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Volume Fifty-Seven, Number Eight

June, 1953

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On the Cover, Ann Blyth, Starring in MGM's "All The Brothers Were Valiant"

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Hey! Hey! -- in
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under the
sun!



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Those grand ways!
They're singin',
dancin', and
wooin' and doin'
all the things boys
and girls love to do
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of the Silvery Moon!

“HOW THEY CROON...HOW THEY SPOON...”

By The Light of The Silvery Moon”



“YOUR EYES HAVE
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“AIN’T WE GOT FUN”
“THE ONLY GIRL IN
THE WORLD”
“MY HOME TOWN”

“BE MY LITTLE BUMBLE BEE”
“I’LL FORGET YOU”
“JUST ONE GIRL”
“BY THE LIGHT OF THE
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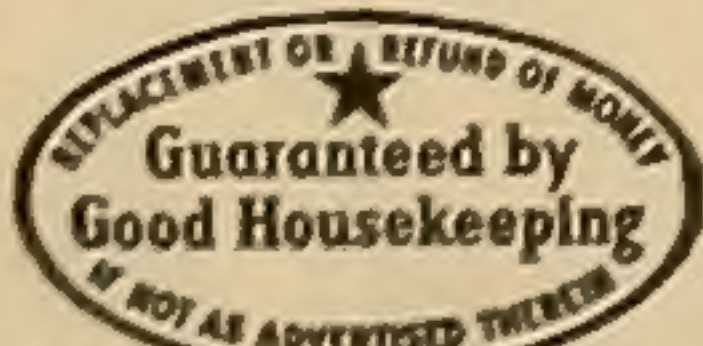
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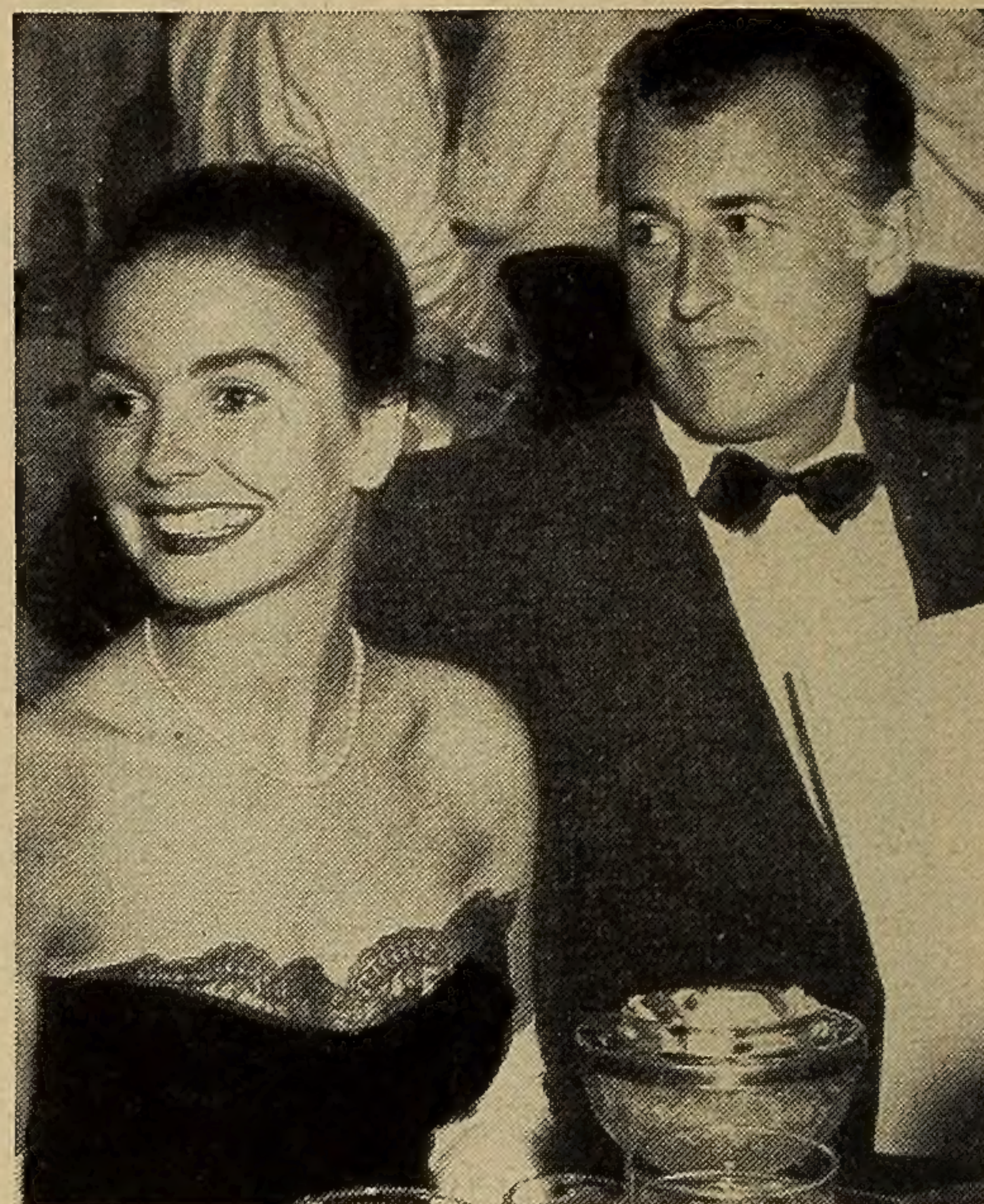
At Variety, Department and Shoe Store Hosiery Counters

RICHARD PAUL, Inc., Wilmington, Del.

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



James Stewart with his Gloria. Jimmy presented Academy art direction awards.



Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger were also on hand for Academy night doings.

limelight—she would like a career too.

The hot rumors of the Lana Turner-Lex Barker wedding were touched off by Lex's quick trip to Mexico a couple of weeks before they both came out of the Hollywood hills and embarked on a vacation to Europe. The other couple—Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas (and who can separate this foursome since they traded partners)—had their own trip to New York for a whole bunch of showseeing and vacation type stuff.

Couple of our local residents of some fame were in different hospitals at the same time getting appendices out, with some little trouble too. Dick Powell had an 84-day siege and Mitzi Gaynor, with all her romantic difficulties too, had a tough time getting through the op. Little hope that Mitzi and her former fiance, the very handsome and nice attorney Richard Coyle, will reconcile.

Yvonne DeCarlo, who has never lacked boy friends, fretted a little over the fact that her newest flame, Latin Carlos Thompson, was out and around town with a lot of the unattached glamour pussies while she was in London making a picture. One of Carlos' favorites was another Latin, Katy Jurado. Yvonne wasn't planning to linger in Europe as she usually does, for this reason.

Ho hum and who cares—when last heard from, Mario Lanza was about to consider going back to work at MGM in the long-delayed "Student Prince." The guy, in spite of his reluctance to work, is still one of the top money-makers for his studio and if there's any way to get him to report on the set, MGM will keep him working as long as the money rolls into the till.

On the other hand, Johnnie Ray, who was so hot last year, has a few tears to

shed (real ones). With the breakup of his marriage to that nice little gal, Marilyn Morrison, and a slacking in interest when he makes night club appearances, he's not the same boy. Almost makes us cry to think of it.

Bob Cummings and his pretty gal, Mary, threw an open house thing on the stage where they shoot their funny TV show, "My Hero." Practically the most attractive bartender you ever saw poured—it was Mrs. C.

Looks like a good Summer, with Shirley Booth expecting to be out here, after the close of her Broadway play, for Hal Wallis' picture, "About Mrs. Leslie." It's gonna be tough for Shirley, who's a pretty retiring person, to turn down all the invitations that will come her way when she arrives. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



Anne Francis' new vivaciousness is very evident at "Call Me Madam" premiere.

The bullet was waiting for Colby at the Zapotec gate... guarding the ancient Mayan temples and exotic riches hidden from the world! This was the terror-trek that took him to the gold Sun-Goddess — and a golden-haired spitfire who almost spelled disaster!

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SUSPENSE-
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ADVENTURE
OF THE

Plunder of the Sun

CO-STARRING

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Paramount is definitely on the prowl for all the cute canaries in the territory. With a corner on the fabulous Rosemary Clooney, the very pretty Teresa Brewer (*who's practically a dead-ringer for Jennifer Jones*) and talented young Joanne Gilbert, the studio has also latched onto another cutie, Marjie Millard, who gets star billing and two solo songs in the new Martin and Lewis pic, "Money From Home." Marjie's the gal who will marry 20th's talented boy actor, composer, director, dancer and singer, Casey Adams, just about as you're reading this here. Since Casey's sensational success in "Niagara," he's been spotted for a very important part in 20th's "Vicki."

Opinion around town is that Joan Crawford listened to an ill-winded advice giver when she gave Marilyn Monroe that unsolicited piece of counsel about not believing her publicity. The great Crawford needs this kind of foolishness?

A gal who doesn't go around much and doesn't always look as if she's having a good time, named Rita Hayworth, positively guffawed out loud at Mocambo when she went to see the fabulous act of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers. The biggest hoot from the Princess was when Kay and the boys made a sly reference to Rita's ex, Prince Aly Khan. Rita, was, as usual, with the very handsome Manuel Rojas.

One of the nicest things about the picture business these days is the re-discovery of some of the great talent of the old days. Now hear this—Columbia's spotted old-time stars Dorothy Phillips, Gertrude Astor, Cleo Ridgeley and Arline Pretty in their 3-D pic, "Man In The Dark." The producer, Wallace MacDonald, and director, Lew Landers, also used to be matinee idols. Columbia also has Pat O'Malley in "The Wild One"—the flicker that allows Marlon Brando to ride around like crazy on a motorcycle. Out at MGM they've got Mae MacEvoy, Naomi Childers, Rhea Mitchell and the Moore Brothers,

Tom and Matt, in Red Skelton's "The Great Diamond Robbery." In another of theirs, "Take The High Ground," old-timer Creighton Hale has a big part. At 20th, Mae Marsh gets a spot in "Blueprint For Murder." Hate to say it, but we think the movies got the idea from television.

I'm glad that Bob and Dorothy Mitchum's latest rhubarb, which sent him off to live like a bachelor in a Westwood apartment, is a thing of the past and that Bob has returned bag and baggage to home and family. What we like about Mitch, though is that he admits it's his fault.

Lot of clacking went on among the gum-beaters about the illness of Vivien Leigh after she arrived in Hollywood from India to finish up Paramount's "Elephant Walk." Her pals—and the studio—were very concerned over her exhausted state, which finally forced her to quit the picture and fly home to England. Elizabeth Taylor is taking the role.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



Kathryn Grayson, Frankie Laine and Dinah Shore at "City Of Hope" show.



Lucille Ball and husband, Desi Arnaz, doing a stint at "City Of Hope" show at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Lucy has many offers to return to screen.

Six-feet-four of fighting man -to tame a wildcat beauty!

Explosive intrigue engulfing a reckless love
made desperate by
danger!



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Joan Crawford with her old friend, Cesar Romero, at supper-dance at Romanoff's following "Call Me Madam" premiere.



Marlon Brando, who's just completed "The Wild One," story of motorcyclists, has an eager student in Tamba, featured chimp in the "Jungle Jim" series.

Anybody who doesn't speak Gaelic (*that's Irish to you*) will be lost at the Ann Blyth-Dr. James McNulty wedding. Both of them are as Irish as a shamrock and Dennis Day's going to be the best man. Calling all leprechauns.

Now that it's known that Gene Nelson baked a birthday cake for his pal, Gordon MacRae, that dancing feller will be swamped no doubt to appear on cooking shows. Seems like Gene used to be a baker before Hollywood discovered him.

The Screen Writers' Guild, not to be outdone by other inside-industry organizations, threw one of the fanciest Award banquets this side of the Pacific Ocean, to pay due tribute to the writers who slave and slog to write good and bad screenplays and put bright words in the mouths of actors. Held at the Hollywood Palladium—mighty big place, and full to—it sported the best and funniest show the season. George Jessel and Ronald Reagan were the m.c.'s, the best anywhere. Mary McCarty, and you'll be seeing her on the screen as a result of this, stopped the show with her hilarious routines from Broadway musicals and night



Merle Oberon and Bob Cummings meet at Sonja Henie party at Romanoff's.



Cyd Charisse and hubby Tony Martin having gay Saturday night at Mocambo.

clubs. Tony Curtis and Dan Dailey had a couple of skits that made everybody fall on the floor. One of the surprises of the evening was Merle Oberon in a very funny bit.

Any of you-all fans been lonesome for Farley Granger? This boy's been on suspension for eight long months (*this is a polite term for off salary around these parts*) since he made "Hans Christian Andersen." Now he goes to MGM for a picture. That won't make this boy mad. In addition to getting paid, he gets to be near Dawn Addams, the first gal he's shown any enthusiasm about since the old days of Shell and Farl.

And then whatever happened to Lynn Bari? Well, this girl's not only got a new romance, but she's also got a top spot in a new film called, "Sabre Jet." Oh, yeah, and whatever happened to Wayne Morris? Well, sir, he's taken off a lotta weight (40 lbs.) and got himself a part in a Randy Scott Western called, "Riding Shot Gun." When it came time for him to get into them riding clothes he was so lean that the wardrobe department had to pad him a little.

END

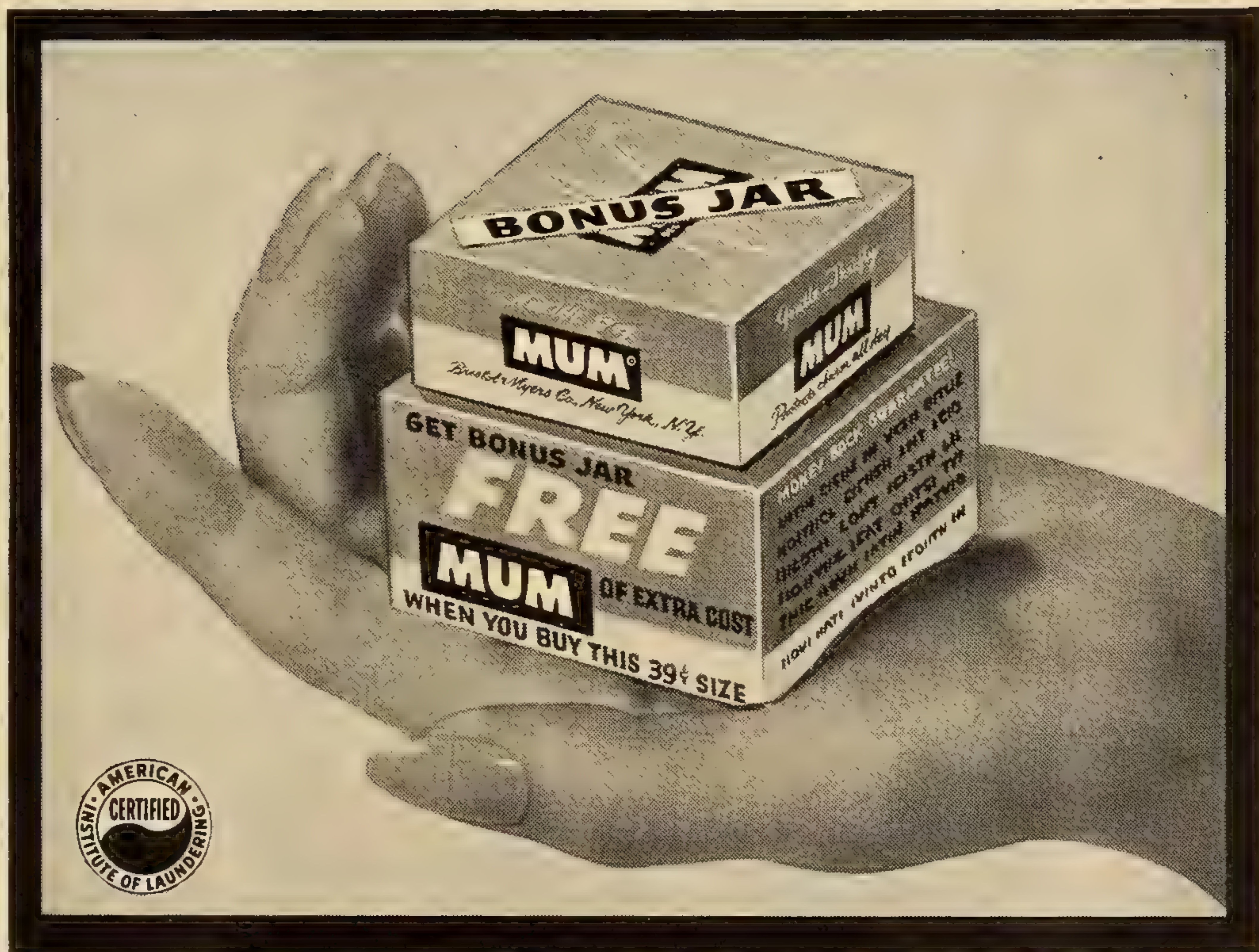
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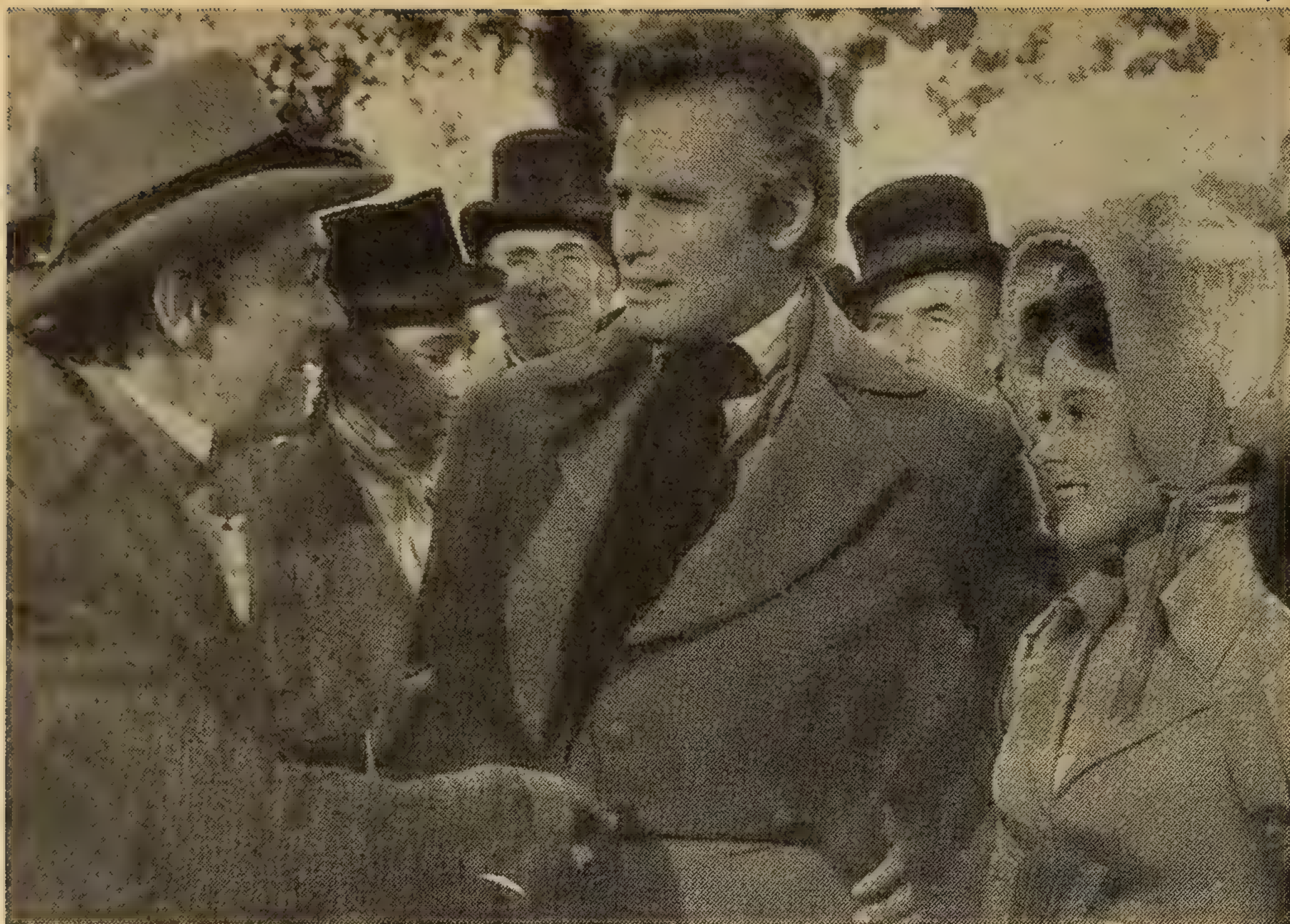
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"The President's Lady" is the story of Pres. Jackson and his much maligned wife. Charlton Heston and Susan Hayward star, with John McIntyre featured.



George Sanders briefs Ethel Merman on courtly etiquette in "Call Me Madam."

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

The President's Lady

THE love story of Andrew Jackson and his much maligned wife, Rachel, is beautifully played by Susan Hayward and Charlton Heston. *Jackson*, a young attorney in Tennessee, boards at the home of *Rachel's* widowed mother (*Fay Bainter*). He is immediately attracted to her daughter, but learns that she is married and separated from her husband, and that a feud is brewing between the two families. *Rachel* takes refuge on a river boat and plans to stay with relatives in Natchez. *Jackson* goes along as protection. When word comes that



The morning after Anne Baxter's terrible night in "The Blue Gardenia," her roommates, Jeff Donnell and Ann Sothorn, dose her with eye-opening remedies.



Joel McCrea and Barbara Hale embark on an exciting life in "Lone Hand."



Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, Alan Ladd in an unusual story of the West, "Shane."

Rachel's husband has sought a divorce, the couple are married. After two years of wedded life, they learn that the divorce has just been granted. Although remarried, the scandal mars Rachel's life, even though Jackson valiantly tries to protect her from the slurs of his enemies, particularly during his political campaign for president. Acting, directing, and production values stamp this film as top drawer entertainment. 20th Century-Fox.

Call Me Madam

ETHEL MERMAN bounces onto the screen with all the sensitivity of a brass band, and from the moment she sings the "Hostess With The Mostes' On The Ball," you know that you are in for a rare evening of entertainment. As U.S. Ambassador to the mythical country of Lichtenburg, Ethel manages to upset the schedule arranged by charge d'affaires Billy De Wolfe, fall in love with George Sanders, and help promote the romance of her press attache, Donald O'Connor, and Princess Vera-Ellen. Of course, the Irving Berlin numbers are standard hits by now, but with the Merman interpretation and the top terpsichore of O'Connor and Vera-Ellen something exciting happens. Film's outlook is almost as bright as the Technicolor lensing of Leon Shamroy, and wait until you hear George (lover boy) Sanders sing. 20th Century-Fox.

Shane

THIS unusual Western, filmed against some of Wyoming's most rugged beauty, carries the indelible mark of a George Stevens production. Van Heflin and Jean Arthur, with their son, Brandon De Wilde, find trying to keep their small homestead from land baron Emile

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

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Cream Powder
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DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE PIMPLES CLEARED UP

or definitely improved
in 9 out of 10 cases



New! Amazing Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED...Hides pimples while it works

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Your guide to current films CONTINUED



Wounded in a desert battle, Foreign Legionnaire Alan Ladd recovers under the care of Arlene Dahl, princess of a mysterious city in U-I's "Desert Legion."

Meyer, is robbing their lives of pleasure. A stranger, named *Shane*, rides into their place one day and agrees to take a job as handyman. *Shane*, played by Alan Ladd, is no ordinary cowpoke. His lightning reach for his six-shooter at the mere sound of a cow turning over a milk crock soon stamps him as a gunfighter. Heflin, wearying of trying to hold the other homesteaders together to fight Meyer, accepts his foe's message to come and talk it over, "reasonable like." A friend lets *Shane* know that it is a trap since paid gunman Jack Palance will be on hand to kill Heflin. Ladd and Heflin tangle in a fight, which Ladd finally wins and then goes to town to meet the hired killer in Heflin's place. Film reveals some of the longest, noisiest, and most realistic fight scenes recorded. The cast is excellent, with Ladd freeing the valley

from its foes and chalking up three more notches on his gun. He decides once a gunfighter always a gunfighter and rides away, not in the usual sunset, however, but facing a thunder storm. **Paramount.**

The Blue Gardenia

ANNE BAXTER, Ann Sothorn and Jeff Donnell are telephone operators, each of whom Raymond Burr has unsuccessfully tried to date. When Anne Baxter receives a letter from her boy friend in Korea breaking off their engagement, she foolishly accepts a dinner engagement with Burr. He becomes unmanageable and she hits him with a fireplace poker. She faints, but regains consciousness before the police arrive. In her hurry to leave she forgets her shoes. Columnist Richard Conte uses



John Wayne, Doris Lee Cole have mild flirtation in "Trouble Along The Way."



Robert Horton, star Dorothy Dandridge and Barbara Sanders in "Bright Road."



Dorothy Bromley and Audrey Dalton are two of the trio of English girls who make a much-heralded and very gay debut in "The Girls Of Pleasure Island."

this clue to start an investigation via his newspaper. By the time he uncovers Anne as the murderess, he is also able to prove her unsuspected innocence. Grim, factual drama. Warner Brothers.

Desert Legion

WITH two such handsome co-stars as Alan Ladd and Arlene Dahl, it's only natural to expect plenty of cheese-cake, lots of romance and a fair portion of fisticuffs. Story, which has a fable-like quality, finds Foreign Legionnaire Ladd the only member of his troop surviving a surprise encounter by desert raider Omar Ben Khalif. Ladd is mysteriously saved by a group of peace-loving people from the hidden city of Madara. When he reports their existence to his post commander, Leon Askin, he is laughed

at. In an attempt to vindicate himself, Ladd and confidant, Akim Tamiroff, desert the post and leave on a private mission of finding Madara. The city proves rather easy to find, but pretty difficult to leave, particularly after Ladd gets a look at the ruler's daughter, Arlene Dahl. Lots of sword-changing and machine-gunning in an exotic oriental setting. Universal-International.

Trouble Along The Way

JOHN WAYNE, Charles Coburn and talented moppet, Sherry Jackson, come up with an entertaining comedy that provides much the same warmth found in "Going My Way." Priest Charles Coburn, rector of St. Anthony's College, learns that the institution is to be closed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)



Ann Robinson and Gene Barry battle a Martian invader in "War Of Worlds."



Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker plot to get "Pony Express" through safely.

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Saboteur!



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rabid **Killers!**



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Play by

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Released by 20th Century-Fox

Associate
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EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.



Academy Award winner Shirley Booth, with Frank Millan and Bill Hawkins, at pre-Oscar midnight party at Pen & Pencil.



Kim Hunter, a former winner, with nominee Jack Palance and Lisa Ferraday at champagne celebration that lasted till dawn.

IF JENNIFER JONES doesn't want gossip columns to report she's having "household troubles" as Mrs. David O. Selznick, she might think twice before sharing a table-for-two with handsome, young escorts in Manhattan cocktail lounges.

Two of the nicest young people ever to visit New York are Janet and Tony Curtis. Their Gotham pals, however, wish they would taper off on their overly-publicized "private lives." If their understanding friends can take just so much, how will the fickle fans react in time?

Artie Shaw gets snubs from certain queens, who spot him at parties around town, because he "exposes" them in his newest book, "Boys And Girls Together."

THE pre-Academy Awards champagne supper soiree honoring Shirley Booth at Bruno's Pen & Pencil began at midnight and lasted until dawn. A highlight of the late hour doings had Joan Crawford telephoning long distance to offer her eleventh hour greetings and prediction

Danton Walker's

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

that Shirley's "Sheba" would cop the 25th annual Academy Award for 1952's best top performance by an actress. Former Oscar winners on hand were Kim ("A Streetcar Named Desire") Hunter and Broderick ("All The King's Men") Crawford, who joined Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stevens, Nina Foch (with actor Jimmy Lipton), Lisa Ferraday, Fritzi Scheff, and "Sudden Fear" nominee, Jack Palance, in the fun-making. The hospitalized Bette Davis wired her regrets, as did Jose Ferrer, who with Rosemary Clooney, was detained in Boston because of his stage production of "My Three Angels."

Terry Moore's eleventh hour remark (before the Academy Awards were announced) that she didn't want to win for her supporting role in "Come Back, Little Sheba" because an Oscar is a jinx, was one of the most ill-advised statements of the season. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)



Danton Walker



At the Friars' dinner for Bob Hope, special Oscar winner, Milton Berle and George Jessel present him with a scroll.



John Bruno, host of the Pen & Pencil, Kim Hunter and Jack Palance scoop the Academy by giving Shirley comic Oscar.

Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, stopping over in Gotham en route to Europe, call to learn how the twins are back home.



HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

(CONTINUED)

Wonder how other "supporting" Oscar winners felt about that. Thomas Mitchell, Van Heflin, Teresa Wright, Charles Coburn, Barry Fitzgerald, Ethel Barrymore, Anne Baxter, Edmund Gwenn, Celeste Holm, Claire Trevor, Dean Jagger, George Sanders and Walter Brennan (who has won three) in particular.

During her sabbatical in Gotham, Lena Horne "got with it" to such an extent, at the Bon Soir, she did a solo number from her table with the handclapping "accompaniment" of James Mason, Constance Moore, Marge and Gower Champion, Danny Thomas, Johnnie Ray, Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas and Gypsy Rose Lee. Novelist Mickey Spillane voted it the grooviest rendition of "Tiger Rag" he ever heard. Bob Crosby seconded the nomination.

VAN JOHNSON will sing and dance to a medley of hits from "Pal Joey" and "Too Many Girls" during his London Palladium stint. He appeared in both Broadway tune-shows years ago. He's been practicing and singing three hours daily. "I want them to like me over there," says Van.

Marge and Gower Champion can charm even the most difficult "squares." At the Latin Quarter, a noisy four-some was creating a disturbance during the great night club act of Ted Lewis. Waiters and captains couldn't quiet the quartet of merrymakers, but Marge and Gower did so by merely going over to the table and whispering their joint request for "a little less noise, please." We hope Ted Lewis won't have to return the favor when the dancing stars open at Bill Miller's Riviera, sharing the program with Vic Damone.

Ralph Meeker had a large "7" appropriately painted on his dressing room mirror the night he opened in the Broadway hit, "Picnic," opposite Janice Rule. Director Joshua Logan, who brought him back from Hollywood, did the art work. It was Logan who put him in Henry Fonda's "Mister Roberts" and then recommended him to Irene Selznick for the male lead in "Streetcar Named Desire" when Marlon Brando left the play to make the screen version. After "Streetcar," Ralph hopped a plane to Hollywood where he made "Teresa," "Four In A Jeep," "Somebody Loves Me," "The Naked Spur" and "Jeopardy." In seven years, with a great assist from Josh Logan, Ralph's talents have earned him Broadway stardom in "Picnic!"

GLORIA DE HAVEN's hair, always a matter of conjecture, has been blonde, red and dark brown during the past year or so. It confuses her (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

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ANN SHERIDAN

starring in
Universal-International's
"TAKE ME TO TOWN"
Color by Technicolor

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The Mystery Of Maureen

The breathtaking O'Hara is still baffling Hollywood with her behavior, however, you must admit she has good reasons why

By Denny Shane

"I'm knee-deep in the process of re-organizing myself," admits Maureen. "I'm learning to live like a normal person."



Maureen's brother, Charles FitzSimons, attorney turned actor, is her frequent escort. She's avoiding the wolf pack.

FOR ten years beautiful Maureen O'Hara managed to keep her private life mysteriously to herself. Her marriage was never punctuated by printed rumors of any kind. As with a limited number of other beautiful women who seemed to have their lives well in hand—Susan Hayward, Jeanne Crain, etc.—the press gave up on getting any provocative stories about Maureen.

On the movie set she was regarded by co-workers as co-operative, but not particularly communicative. She attended only a very few parties and didn't welcome the exploring eyes of cameras in her home.

Then—suddenly—came a flash announcement that Maureen O'Hara was divorcing! Her marriage to Director Will Price had ended.

How the rumors began to fly! One minute you heard that Maureen had fallen for a famous star, the next that she was being wildly pursued by an enormously wealthy Mexican tycoon.

For the first time in years, tongues were buzzing about a girl who had managed to remain (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



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for
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the glamour swim suit that's always in place in
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In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Jane says that her change from glamour girl to comedienne is more pronounced than ever.



Rehearsing with Jack Cole, dance director. Marilyn's nickname of "The Round One" was given to her by friend Jane.

**"I
DIDN'T
SAY
THAT!"**

Jane Russell denies

the beefs she's supposed to have made

about Marilyn Monroe and

about her husband's giving up football

for a career in films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



Now in "The Desert Song" with Kathryn Grayson, Gordon got married on only \$50 a week; then reality set in with a thud.

Have children while you're young, advises Gordon, who is starring with Doris Day in "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon."





J.

IT IS amazing that Betty Grable, whose name is synonymous with feminine beauty, and was used as a password during the War, who has had her silhouette on the nose of a bomber, and plastered over more soldiers' bunks than was chewing gum, should remark, "I've never been any place."

She continued, "I've never traveled to Europe, or owned a gown labeled Paris; never even been to Mexico or Hawaii. I'm strictly a see-the-U.S.A. girl with New York, Cedar Rapids and points in between my route."

All of which brings us to the question, does she have a gingham personality or a velvet reputation? Frankly, Betty Grable, the glamour queen, the woman, the mother, has us puzzled. After a long talk with her, we uncovered some startling new evidence.

Here are some pin-up pictures of her we never knew existed . . . Betty washing her daughters' hair . . . or Betty scrubbing a veal roast with soap . . . or twisting her gloves in Boy Scout knots when her horse, Big Noise, comes pounding down the stretch . . . or rushing out to a department store the afternoon of the social "Jockey's Ball" to buy a cocktail dress—an item she's never owned.

Betty, wearing a pencil-slim gray skirt, wide red belt, and white blouse with her monogram slashed down the left side, smiled, "I'll probably shock you, but I've only

been to Palm Springs once, and that was during their off-season when I was recuperating from an operation."

We began to slip back to the velvet reputation when she said, "I always have breakfast in bed. My mother started it when I was 12 and used to work singing and dancing. The idea has clung, and I've even convinced Harry he should try it too."

"Of course, the tray isn't fancy. I have the same thing, half a grapefruit and coffee, every day. But when my daughters want to decorate it, they'll go out, pick some weeds, and stick them in a bud vase on the tray."

AFTER my moment of luxury, I go downstairs order the groceries for the day, and then head for the studio. When I'm working I pay close attention to what I wear, but in private life I don't. Harry's the one with taste in clothes.

"I like him to select things for me. The other day, he decided to surprise me with a new coat. Harry looked at the various items the saleswoman showed, but the minute he saw a black and white checked coat, he said, 'Wrap it up!' The saleswoman assured him I wouldn't like it, he assured her I would, and I did."

"Of course, Harry's superstitious about black. He'll tell you the coat is navy and white. Even (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

Betty says that compared to the social activities of their daughters, Vicki and Jessica, she and Harry are just duds.

What a cast in "How To Marry A Millionaire," Betty's new picture! She stars with Lauren Bacall and Marilyn Monroe!



does a **LOST LOVE** ever **RETURN?**

by Corinne Calvet



"If there is one thing French women know deeply, intimately, it is love."

Perhaps you won't entirely agree
with Corinne Calvet's European beliefs
on resuming a romance because they're
so shamelessly practical



WHEN anyone asks me, "Can you ever go back with romance?" I say NO—and then again, YES!

Sometimes, but I think it does not often happen, you may love, and be parted from the one you love, and meet later to love again—but, and this is important, *you'll never love again in the same way!*

Everyone changes. Life changes us, each one, according to the things which happen to us and the experiences we endure and the loves we know and lose. No one can remain the same for very long.

Some people grow; others sink into a sort of lethargy and become less interesting than they once were—but everyone changes!

So—when you love, it is of that moment. That particular moment when you and the man you love find in each other the answer to all your dreams and desires.

Good marriages are built because the two people who loved went forward together from the point when each was the answer to the other's dream. Do you know

why? Because these two lives went forward *together*.

The inevitable changes which come from life itself occurred while these two people were together, and thus, each accepted the change as a part of the loved one.

But suppose these lovers were parted for a while? Ah, that is very different!

The changes continue to occur. Suddenly there are two new people, who have suffered, learned, lived apart from each other. Each has gone through gradual changes which might not have distressed the other, if they had not been together and sharing life.

But when these two people have been apart, and then meet again—it is sad, but they are strangers to each other. Yes, even though they wear the same clothes, the same faces, the same names, they are different people *inside*.

Do you understand, then, why I say, "Yes," and then again, "No, one cannot love an old love?"

If there is one thing that French (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)



"If someone came out of John's past, jealous as I'd be of what might become important again, I'd keep an open mind."



Corinne with Cam Mitchell, Rory Calhoun. Says she, "European women don't want sexual equality with men."



KEEP IT

by Helen Louise Walker

"You have to work at being lovely,
but make it seem like a breeze,"
says Jane. "Never give the
impression of having to fuss."

Never admit, warns

*Jane Greer, that your charm
doesn't come easily*

A SECRET!



Jane's husband, Producer Edward Lasker, never sees her in pincurls. She is always glamorous for him.

ONE OF the most important things about being glamorous and attractive, thinks Jane Greer, is not to let anyone—especially the man in your life—know that it takes any doing at all. Never let him see you engaged in any drab routine of housekeeping or beauty care. Pretend your charm is as spontaneous as that of a blossom.

"You and I know," she confides, "that it takes time and thought and effort to look sleek and well-groomed, to keep your figure and complexion and hair in order, to run a house smoothly and to give a successful party. But don't let *him* know it. We have to do these things and do them as well as we can. But just don't make a fuss about it."

Jane admits that she, herself, isn't the least bit domestic. "I was never trained for it or taught anything about it," she says. "And I'm lucky enough to have other people to attend to it for me now while I do another kind of work."

BUT most women do have to cook and keep house these days, and I know what I'd do about it. I'd try not to make 'a production' of it.

"I'd try to get the cooking finished before my husband came home, even though that might take a lot of study of casserole dishes and things that keep hot in the oven. I'd finish the drudgery, rush to put on fresh make-up and a pretty housecoat before he arrived. And I'd never, never admit that I'd 'slaved over a hot stove' to whip up that cake or to cook that roast! I'd pretend that pixie creatures came out of the woodwork and did every bit of it.

"I'd let him think the pixie creatures kept the house tidy, too, and washed all those windows. If a woman keeps on talking about drudgery and household routines, about drab routines, then her husband will begin to associate her with (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)



Jane, now in "Desperate Search" with Howard Keel, says that sex appeal boils down to being mysterious.



To look at Jane, here talking to Van Heflin, you'd never imagine her beauty required any drab routine.



The confused Mr. Skelton

*Red's greatest desire is to have a happy home,
yet he's a difficult guy to live with*

By Louis Reid



A "born performer," Red's made a fortune out of making people laugh. His career is one of the great sagas of show business.

FUNNYMAN Red Skelton, who parlayed a doughnut-dunking routine into a fabulous fortune, is discovering that no matter how big the bank-roll or ample the acclaim, domestic trouble can make life a little less than idyllic.

Red recently was involved in such a stormy row with his chic, flame-haired wife, Georgia, that he moved bag and baggage out of his swanky Bel Air, Calif., home into the Beverly Hills Hotel.

For making people laugh, Red has become the leading competitor of Fort Knox, Ky., in garnering gold. Indeed, he is probably the most successful prospector today in Hollywood's lush, ever beckoning hills—a true colossus of comedy.

But the disputes at home were far from funny to the champ funster. The sharp recriminations echoed loudly through the film colony. To add to his woe and to Hollywood's concern, was the fact that the quarrels took place as he was about to undergo surgery for diaphragmatic hernia, commonly called an upside-down stomach.

"I'm so much in love that it's (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



"We are not getting a divorce and we never will," declares his wife, Georgia, shown with Red and their two children.



Red's learning that even with a bankroll and acclaim, domestic trouble can make life less than idyllic



A TV conference at Red's home. These, plus radio work, movies, long hours, don't help his married life.

MAGGI'S PRIVATE

Listening in on what's going on behind the scenes in television

My bonnet is off to Ed Sullivan and his "Toast Of The Town" series of six-minute "trailers" or "Coming Attraction" film clips of 20th Century-Fox and MGM movies. Ed has been working on the TV-Hollywood blending for four years. The success of his initial programs highlighting scenes from "Destination Gobi," "Call Me Madam," "I Love Melvin," "The President's Lady" and "Battle Circus" deserves high praise.

Faye Emerson, for the first time in her celebrated career as "Miss TV," missed the opening of a show. "This Is Show Business" went on without her for the first five minutes. When she burst into the studio, took her place and looked into the cameras, she was a cool, calm and collected "Fay-sie" despite her frightening experi-

ence of having been caught in the usual New York traffic jam.

Jack Benny, unexcitable and easy to work with, naturally rates sky-high with his fellow-workers in Hollywood. He will always have his pick of the top talent for TV guest shots. Because of this "name it and claim it" magic, he's able to ask for Ann Blyth, Gracie Allen, Marilyn Monroe, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor or Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd without a single turndown.

ONE of the most amusing backstage scenes to be witnessed is the twice-weekly "make-up" sessions singer Jane Froman gives to her pet dachshund, "Tilly." The canine, devoted to his mistress, barks and yelps if he doesn't get several patty-cakes with

her powder puff as she finishes off her own TV make-up. During a recent program, "Tilly" began barking in Jane's dressing room and wouldn't stop until she came back into the room and tapped his snout with Max Factor.

Ozzie Nelson and his family of three—Harriet, David and Ricky—got the surprise of their TV lives after a recent telecast of "The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet," when a group of impeccably dressed matrons approached the Nelsons and presented Ozzie with a brown velvet box tied with bright green and yellow ribbons. At the insistence of Harriet, he untied the package and out popped a bright shiny medal, one that he had won thirty-three years before when he was the nation's youngest Eagle Scout in his home town, Jersey City, New Jer-



Jane Froman's Tilly has penchant for make-up; loves having nose powdered.



Kirk Douglas, Ed Sullivan and dancers rehearsing for "Toast Of The Town."



The cool-headedness of Faye Emerson, with George Kaufman, saved a TV show.

WIRE

by Maggi McNellis

sey. The emblem, which the then-young Ozzie had lost while his family moved from one town to another, had been uncovered at a charity rummage sale amid assorted buttons and sundry other items. The finder, a long-time fan of Ozzie's, had the medallion polished and packaged as a gift for the impromptu presentation. Nervous at the prospect of facing Ozzie, she had prevailed upon a few of her neighbors to go along with her. With Ozzie and Harriet playing host and hostess, and David and Ricky serving as escorts, the ladies, six in all, trooped off to the nearest restaurant where an elaborate dinner party got under way lasting until midnight.

There's a lot to be said in favor of the quality of the movies now being shown on the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)



Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, noted for their crazy antics, want to prove to the world that they're really good actors so they'll go dramatic on television.

Ann Blyth listens intently to a serious Jack Benny. Jack rates sky high with fellow workers which explains why he has no trouble getting guest stars for show.



Denise Darcel kept promise to Walter Winchell, but isn't following through.



He hates to dress for a party, but once there is apt to stay until 5 a.m. "Women don't grip my imagination as actresses, but rather as women," says this Britisher.

Unmasking BURTON

BY BEN MADDOX

The talented Richard Burton you've seen on the screen wears an actor's mask. Let's see what he's like enacting himself

THE whole point of acting is to get away from your own terrible self!" blurts out Richard Burton. "I'd be too embarrassed to play me." And so, if he wears a mask for every part, what sort of man is Burton?

The most colorful character you'd ever hope to meet! He deliberately explodes excitement in the air around him by daring to be his uninhibited self. Few men are fabulous, but he fits smoothly into the rare breed that deserves that tag. He's even had Hollywood's most cynical citizens dizzy with delight. They've happily discovered that as he appears dullness departs.

His broad shoulders and those green eyes that fling emotion make the initial dent. But it's his follow-up that is the double dose of dynamite.

Richard's talk is as exciting as his talent. He's not, however, merely a teller of fascinating tales, although he's been briskly examining cross-sections of this world for 27 crammed years. He concluded early it is a fantastic place full of unending adventures. Living to the hilt, tangling with the unexpected and taming it is this Englishman's cup of tea.

It's so marvelous to be alive! You're never sure what will happen next!" he exclaims. Then with a grin he tosses a post-script. "Why be afraid to lay hold of whatever it is?"

He is amazed by almost everything, but especially by his own unbelievable rise from utter obscurity. Add to this kindly Burton heart that readily responds to the other fellow, his devastating sense of humor and you have, not a baffling personality, but an irresistible companion.

All this sounds extraordinary if (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Greer Garson offers congrats to Dick and John Wayne for winning awards at Foreign Press dinner. Dick invariably is the life of party.

"**W**HEN YOU POWDER YOUR NOSE,
THINK OF YOUR LEGS,"

says *VERA-ELLEN*



"Klieg lights often cast ugly highlights on shiny stockings," says Vera-Ellen, star of M-G-M's **THE BIG LEAGUER**.

"So we make sure our legs look as freshly powdered as our faces." And that's what Bur-Mil Cameo nylons can do for your legs, too!



- "A woman powders her nose to eliminate unflattering shine," says alluring Vera-Ellen. "And, in Hollywood, we know a shiny stocking can be just as unglamorous as a shiny nose."

- That's why, on the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like lovely Vera-Ellen, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish to assure their legs of a soft, misty dullness that keeps them Leg-O-Genic at all times.

- *Sheerest of them all! Bur-Mil Cameo's new, fabulously sheer 12 denier nylons in full-fashioned or seamless styles.*

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SCREENLAND FASHION FEATURE

By Marcia Moore

FOCUS ON FUN

*Suit designs for the lazy one
who likes the sun—or for the active one
who does go near the water*

For your nearest store,
write to Marcia Moore,
SCREENLAND,
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A sun tan special—this Tartan suit designed by Cole of California in a cotton print and modeled by Jan Sterling, now in "Split Second." Sizes S—M—L, \$12.95.



Gingham suit in colorful hues is fully lined with acetate jersey. Sides may be shortened with drawstrings. By Brilliant, in sizes 32-38. \$7.98. Modeled by Jan Sterling.



Sally Forrest wears Form Control suit by Surf Togs. In nylon and acetate Laton taffeta, with built-in "Phantom" girdle, side-boned bra, detachable straps. \$15.98.

***F**or happy days when sun and fun come first, here are a few of the priced-right swim suits for sunning and sun suits for swimming in fabrics that lead a double life*



Catalina's "Willow Waist" suit of rayon-cotton fabric. In red, white and black or green stripes on white. \$14.95. Comes with straps. Lotte Berl is in "Under The Red Sea."



Mitzi Gaynor wears Rose Marie Reid's elasticized cotton suit in a gay print. For sizes 10 to 16, priced at \$10.95. Mitzi's next picture is "No Business Like Show Business."

Summer Icing

For happy Summer days and starlit nights—

this figure-flatterer in cotton, touched with its own frosting, modeled by blonde Jan Sterling

PRETTY petticoats can be worn under this wide-skirted dress which comes in four colors—grey, navy, mauve and tan. It is made of lovely polished Everglaze chambray which is washable. The velvet belt comes in black when you choose the dress in grey—otherwise, belt matches the fabric color. The V-necked collar, cut low in both front and back, is adorned with Schiffli lace which gives it an air of elegance. This dress may be bought in sizes 9 to 15. It is priced at a reasonable \$7.98. Sold at W. T. GRANT Stores. Jan is currently in RKO's "Split Second." **END**

YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

in six months unless he can get it out of debt. He decides to add football to the curriculum in the hope that the gate receipts will pay off the deficit. None of the top coaches will accept the priest's naive offer except down-and-out John Wayne. He hopes to use the school as a hide-out to keep daughter Sherry away from domestic relations officer Donna Reed, who is acting in behalf of Wayne's ex-wife, Marie Windsor. With little equipment or manpower to work with, Wayne manages to get a powerhouse team that wins its first game, although a little chicanery is involved. The winning streak, however, is halted when the coach's ex-wife recognizes one of the players as a pro and informs Coburn, who immediately cancels the remainder of the season. It is only through some quick action by the pretty court worker and the church authorities that the team, the school and Sherry are saved. Clever dialogue, plus top-notch performances help Director Michael Curtiz speed the film along at a fast clip. **Warner Bros.**

Pony Express

WHEN *Buffalo Bill* (Charlton Heston) and *Wild Bill Hickok* (Forrest Tucker) combine forces to get the Pony Express through to California, pardner, you might as well start making your reservations. Despite Indians, ambushes and the skullduggery of Pat Hogan, they accomplish their aims. Valiantly aiding them in their plan are Rhonda Fleming, a loyal Californian anxious to see the West linked with the East, and Jan Sterling, an Army Post-raised girl who sacrifices her life to protect Heston. A wee bit involved at times, producer Nat Holt has embellished the film with top name actors and some striking outdoor footage. **Paramount.**

Count The Hours

IT WON'T take whodunit fans long to guess that the mystery's clue is in the title of this new Benedict Bogeaus production. Teresa Wright and John Craven are migratory workers whose employer is killed just a few feet from their door. Afraid to admit that her husband has a gun that corresponds to the murder weapon, Teresa tosses it into a lake. Her action scuttles her husband's only defense evidence and gives the district attorney grounds to book him. It isn't until able attorney Macdonald Carey is called into the trial that Craven's chances brighten. Although Carey is able to pinpoint the real murderer almost immediately, he is unable to supply a witness or the murder weapon. Adele Mara, the murderer's wife, provides the only comedy relief in somber, tense drama. **RKO.**

Split Second

DICK POWELL makes his directorial bow with a nerve tingling drama of a killer holding six people captive at Frenchman Flats, scene of an impending

atom bomb test. Stephen McNally and wounded Paul Kelly escape from prison and hitch a ride with divorcee Alexis Smith and her attorney, Robert Paige. When the group runs into a road block and the car runs out of gas, McNally commandeers a station wagon driven by reporter Keith Andes and girl friend Jan Sterling. He pilots the entire entourage to the "Flats." As the minutes tick by, the group aided by prospector Arthur Hunnicutt, vainly tries to escape the killer and the forthcoming atom bomb test. Film's topical attraction, up-to-the-minute headline appeal will boost its sure-fire rating. **RKO.**

Lone Hand

JOEL MCCREA is busier than a hot ping pong ball volleying back and forth from farmer to desperado to detective in U-I's latest Technicolor salute to the old West. Joel, a widower, and son, Jimmy Hunt, decide to invest all of their savings in a farm in Timberline, Colo. Although busy getting their farm in shape, Joel's not too engaged to court pretty neighbor, Barbara Hale, whom he eventually marries to provide a home for his son. Supposedly a peace-loving man, Joel's activities puzzle his son and new wife. Every night that there is a robbery, he disappears, and when the year's crops are lost he still has plenty of money. It is only after Barbara has left him, that he realizes his real love for her, and reveals that he is a Pinkerton Detective who has routed out the leader who has



Alexis Smith and Stephen McNally in fiery embrace in RKO's "Split Second."

been robbing the farmers. Some lively antics by Jimmy and a mongrel dog named Butch, plus beautiful Colorado scenery, add greatly to the family film fare. **Universal-International.**

The Girls of Pleasure Island

THE much heralded three little English girls discovered by Director-author F. Hugh Herbert make their debut in a Technicolor plum especially tailored to their talents. Leo Genn, father of the three girls, enjoys his secluded life on Pleasure Island, as a representative of the British government. His paradise, however, is rudely interrupted when 1,500 Marines land on the island to build an air strip. His daughters, who have never seen a white man (*much less an eligible one*), have a field day with "500 Marines a piece," much to their harried father's concern. Dorothy Bromley, a 16-year-old pixie, has a puppy love affair with a "sophisticated" 18-year-old. Joan Elan enjoys herself as a flirt, while Audrey Dalton and Don Taylor share the serious romance of the film. Movie, which continually builds from its hilarious premise, is further brightened by the appearance of Elsa Lanchester, as the girls' governess, and Gene Barry, an interesting newcomer. **Paramount.**

Bright Road

THE compassion of Negro school teacher Dorothy Dandridge for pupil Philip Hepburn's need for understanding comprises the major story line of this Christopher Award-winning story. Young Philip, who seems to be a defiant misfit student, is more interested in butterflies and nature, than arithmetic and geography. Yet under the teacher's tutelage he begins to take an active part in school proceedings until his little girl friend is fatally stricken with pneumonia. For a time, her death threatens to upset Philip's newly-gained confidence, but when the teacher and the school's principal back him up in an argument with some pupils over a cocoon, he becomes a happy child again. Charmingly told, sincerely enacted, film is directed by Gerald Mayer and features Miss Dandridge in a straight dramatic plot. **MGM.**

War of Worlds

A REAL spine-chiller that's every bit as exciting as the Orson Welles interpretation of the H. G. Wells novel. Although Gene Barry, Ann Robinson and Les Tremayne head the cast as the earth people faced by the invasion of creatures from Mars, the real stars are weird special effects created by Gordon Jennings. Spiderlike Martians invade the earth and crumble all that gets in their way. Belatedly, the world unites to battle the invaders, but the futility of even the atom bomb turns the people to prayer in preparation for their doom. It's at this moment that the Martians are struck down by a lowly germ for which their life in the sterile world of Mars has not prepared them. Movie is a real shocker along the science-fiction lines pioneered by Producer George Pal. **Paramount. END**



The Natural Vision camera focuses on can-can dancers whose high kicks come right off the screen in Warners' "House Of Wax."

the Deepies take over!

With 3-D fever gripping the nation, what will happen to some top-ranking stars? And how will you like being part of the show?

BY VINCENT ROGERS

MARILYN MONROE, clad in a diaphanous, décolleté evening gown, arises from her couch and advances towards *you*, planting, smack on your lips, a firm, endearing, and quite positive kiss!

Is this your imagination? Tall, handsome Tyrone Power, or Robert Taylor, or Clark Gable ambles over and puts out his paw, a paw that you can't help shaking with enthusiasm, if you—the member of the movie audience—feel as this writer does about Power, Taylor, Gable. Is this

imagination playing tricks again?

Or a feast fit for kings is being cooked up on the screen. There's rare roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and potatoes a crispy golden brown, and they're yours for the sampling. Only the smell is missing . . . and it won't be long, perhaps, before that happens, too.

All this, of course, is not just imagination.

It's all part of Hollywood's new order of things. The three-dimensional movie designed to make you

have your cake and eat it, too! If that sounds like a riddle, dear movie-goer, you are in for a treat. Whatever takes place on the screen of tomorrow will be shared with you, the ticket buyer. From soup to nuts, and with quite a little sex thrown in for good measure.

If the Hollywood sages have it right, and chances are pretty good that they have, it will be nothing unusual for tomorrow's movie-goer to be embraced by filmdom's most dazzling and glamorous stars, for you to be



Richard Burton and Jean Simmons, of the 3-D "The Robe," on the 20th lot with Producer Frank Ross, Director Henry Koster.



Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas watch "Sangaree" wearing polarized glasses.

on hand-shaking terms with the great heroes of the screen, or to be spirited on the magic carpet of the new medium into unknown and unforgettable paradises.

This, dear moviegoer, is the world of the Deepies (3-Ds). A bright, brave new world, if you are still listening to those same Hollywood sages, and one that has provided a much-needed hypo, due to the public support of an antiquated little medium called t-e-l-e-v-i-s-i-o-n.

But, to coin a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)



Your entertainment will be in your lap, so to speak, when the dazzling Lili St. Cyr and Emanuel Petroff dance sensuously in Sol Lesser's "3-D Follies."



Audrey Dalton knows good permanents require gentle shampoo like White Rain.

Graduate to Glamour



Audrey, now in Paramount's "Girls Of Pleasure Island," winds her Prom curl.



Looking her very prettiest, Audrey enjoys some free time with Don Taylor.

GRADUATIONS, weddings, the beginning of Summer—they all happen in June. Each supplies a strong incentive to make the most of what you have in the way of good-looks, and to search out possible improvements.

Paramount's young Audrey Dalton, for one, is convinced that the state of your coiffure is the key to any claim to attractiveness. "What girl can look alluring, even in a perfect setting, without the compliment of a neat and becoming hair-do?" she asks. Whirling through her star-building schedule, Audrey has had to squeeze her own hair care program into minutes between social and studio engagements. Now that she's finished her first two pictures in Hollywood, she juggles her beauty time so expertly we're sure you'll want to know what her system is. First of all, Audrey believes in frequent shampooing. She always shampoos after every swim, for example, using a gentle lotion shampoo to float away salt and sand before they have a chance to do any harm. Each shampoo is followed by a creme rinse that copes with tangles and leaves a protective, but invisible film on the hair. Thorough brushing (*and scalp massage when she can manage it*) helps Audrey keep her hair in good condition. For the firm, soft curl that is the basis of her own hair style, she counts on a home permanent. Audrey uses one of the self-neutralizing home permanent wave kits like Prom because it lets her do two things at once. With this kit she is free to study scripts or catch up on her beauty sleep while her new wave neu-

tralizes as it dries around the curlers. She follows the directions, even as you and I, and starts her waving procedure with a shampoo followed by a brief towel-drying. With her hair still damp, Audrey applies waving lotion to each strand before rolling it onto a curler. Audrey's hair is neither color-treated nor difficult to curl so she chooses the Regular Lotion from the three strengths in which Prom is made. Having given each curl a second saturation with lotion (*until the entire bottle has been used up*) Audrey has time for a facial and manicure during the 30-minute processing period. After this, a water rinse stops the waving action and starts the neutralizing. Her job is done now—she doesn't have to think about her hair again until it's completely dry, with the wave ready to set in her favorite way.

WHEN you ask a man what it is he finds most attractive about a woman, he may very well agree with Audrey Dalton and say "beautiful hair." But another man might vote for sparkling eyes or a cute nose. The truth is that the only thing they all agree on is that it's the over-all quality of loveliness that really matters. Probably the easiest, most personal way to achieve this aura of charm is through the use of perfume. After all, it's been helping women win men since the earliest civilizations—time enough to prove its value. That's why perfume news is always such important news to the feminine sex. To bring you up to date on the sub-

*We bring you beauty news from a young star
and a report on props that you will want to know about to
help you take some important steps forward in the
direction of more appealing loveliness*

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM



Grand present to give or receive: Dorothy Gray's Wedgwood Fragrance Series.

ject, we have a spate of excitements to report. The first is the debut of a delightfully distinctive fragrance series called "Wedgwood"—by Dorothy Gray. The perfume was inspired by the beautiful Wedgwood ware that women have coveted for hundreds of years. Every blue bottle and box is done in the authentic Wedgwood motif, decorated in white with the Dancing Hours figures used by Josiah Wedgwood since 1775. We found the fragrance itself entrancingly light—a delicate though long-lasting blend of many flowers, with just a touch of spice. It's the kind of fragrance that you can wear happily from one end of the year to the other. The complete series of perfume, cologne, cologne stick and dusting powder would make a very handsome gift for a bride-to-be or a girl graduate—if you could bear to give it away. Perhaps it would be less of a strain on your better nature if you started your own collection at the same time.

MORE good news about perfume is the Evening in Paris Fragrance Festival—an arrangement in which you get a lot for a little. Specifically, the Evening in Paris Fragrance Festival consists of three special packagings of one of the all-time perfume favorites. Each one brings you two or more versions of this famous scent at a considerable saving. The Two's Company package holds cologne and cologne stick, a combination that is priced at \$1. instead of the usual \$1.50. Cool, Crisp and Clean is a gaily decorative set that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



Patrice Wymore, now being seen in Warners' "She's Back On Broadway," reminds us all of this month's largest and most exciting beauty crop of June brides.

JUST CALL ME MAMIE!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

attracted the attention of songwriter Jimmy McHugh who was looking for chorus girls, but decided Mamie was not meant for the chorus. He became her personal manager and sent her to the Bliss-Hayden drama school for training. While acting there in "Come Back, Little Sheba," in the sexy role played on the screen by Terry Moore, Mamie was spotted by a U-I casting director. The rest is history—exciting history for a girl who once worked as a secretary in an L.A. law firm before persuaded to cash in on her natural talents.

Mamie lives with her parents in a Swedish-style house within ten blocks of

the studio. She dates several of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, including Rock Hudson, but insists there is no real romance in her life. Plays the cello expertly, swims a great deal, collects recordings, treasures more than anything some jewelry willed to her by her Swedish grandmother. She has dark-brown eyes that still look puzzled over the tremendous excitement she has caused. Her ambition is to star in provocative roles, a goal which shouldn't be hard to achieve. As Producer Richmond put it, "If she walked by a schoolhouse, she'd be contributing to the delinquency of minors." **END**



Betty Grable in affectionate moment with husband, Harry James, at Ciro's.

IS BETTY VELVET OR GINGHAM?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

his car, which is black, he calls blue."

We'd heard that Betty's new 20th Century-Fox film, "How To Marry A Millionaire," with Lauren Bacall and Marilyn Monroe, would be minus musical numbers.

"That's right," she replied, "compared to the two months it takes to make a musical, with this one, glory, it'll probably seem more like only an hour and a half."

We were surprised that Betty had never met either Bacall or Monroe. "I know fewer movie stars than anyone in Hollywood. Whenever I see one, I'm impressed and melt into a fan."

Betty's daughters know most of their mother's co-stars since they frequently visit the studio. "For Vicki's birthday, I'm hoping 20th Century-Fox can borrow a print of 'Peter Pan.' Then, she can have her entire class over to the commissary for ice cream and afterwards go to the projection room to see the film."

Her daughters, Vicki and Jessica, missed "Blackbeard The Pirate" and wanted Betty to make it a double-feature party.

"If it's gory they'll love it." She paused for a moment and mother-like added, "They'd better see that one in the afternoon."

We checked over our list of gingham vs. velvet and noticed the word furs. We learned that although Betty never attends premieres, she has a meaty collection of furs, including a pastel mink coat and ranch mink stoles among other items.

"Harry's never given me a fur. I bought them before I was married when I went out more. I tell him, 'Don't buy me mink, I'd rather have a horse.'"

Most of their friends are horse lovers too. The other night when the Jameses stepped out to Ciro's, it was their horse trainer and his wife who accompanied them. Harry Ritz and his wife are very close friends. They share more than friendship since Harry and Betty Ritz

also each have the same first names.

"It's never confusing, since I'm seldom called Betty."

Seems when she calls her husband "Harry" he immediately thinks she must be angry at him, and he'll reply, "What is it B---eeetty?" "Honey" is the favorite nickname, and anything else spells danger.

Betty tries to take things as they come, but usually she wants to hurry-up and get things done. "I guess that's why I hate to talk on the phone. I have to sit and it ties me down."

At times, this Grable gal can be a whirling dervish. Before the film, she was minus any help for two weeks, so she did everything herself. Drove the youngsters to school, paid the bills (*the latter are written in Harry's checkbook and given to the headman to sign*), did the housework and so on.

"How about cooking?" we interrupted.

"Now, why did you have to bring that up? I can cook if I have to, but most of the time I just can't get with it." She started smiling as she said this.

"A private joke?" we asked.

"No, I was just thinking, when I cook the book never leaves my hand. If it says the meat should be three inches from the broiler, I get out a tape measure. If anything goes wrong, it's the book's fault, not mine."

"When I first tried being domestic in the kitchen, I cooked a roast for Harry. The book said, 'Wash thoroughly.' So I got out soap and brush and scrubbed the meat and rinsed it. When I started to cook it, bubbles kept coming up."

"But," she looked at us with earnest blue eyes, "if it meant not to use soap, then it should have said 'rinse,' not 'wash.'"

"We like beef medium rare, so that was the way the roast was. Only Harry, the gourmet, discovered it wasn't beef, but veal. So I put it in the skillet and finished cooking it—in more ways than one. It nearly finished me as a cook."

The Jameses have plenty of friends, but in the ten years they've been married they've had only one large-scale party. That was the night they invited Harry's band over for dinner, and their manager cooked spaghetti. That's why they've found a cook and a nurse for the children ample help.

"We'd need a larger staff if I had friends in for cocktails and card parties, but I don't. When I'm working, I don't have the time. And truthfully, I wouldn't enjoy them anyway, I'd much rather be around people who talk about horse breeding and stake winners. Compared to our daughters and all of their social activities, Harry and I are just duds," she philosophized.

The Jameses have everything on a schedule. He pays for everything connected with the home and family, and they are equal partners on their 109-acre ranch in the Valley.

"We don't keep the horses there. We board them since the other ranch, the Baby J, is now rented, and the 109 acres are planted in tomatoes."

Don't get the idea that Betty has lost interest in racing. They still have six horses running, and their pride and joy, "Big Noise," has won over \$100,000.

"When that horse runs, I get so excited I have practically the heebie jeebies. He was bred and born on the Baby J, and I so want Big Noise to do well. Our trainer told Harry they give a nervous horse vitamin B-12, and maybe I should have some too."

"The next morning on my tray there was a beautifully wrapped gift from Harry. It turned out to be a little of vitamin B-12!"

"He ribs me about getting overly-excited and I kid him about being overly-neat. If he wears a suit once, it's sent to the cleaners. I'm usually struggling to get a spot removed from a dress, but not Harry. If a suit has a speck, he wants nothing of it."

"He has a walk-in closet—much larger than mine. Harry never has had a valet. He keeps his clothes much better himself."

Growing serious she said, "Truthfully, I understand him. When you stand on your feet before a band from 9:30 p.m. to

4 a.m., you need the lift a fresh suit can give. He works hard but he enjoys it. Tours, one-nighters, etc., do eat into our time together. That's why when he is home I forget about entertaining, housework and card parties."

Betty doesn't learn her scripts at home . . . has never pointed out her leg print at Grauman's Chinese to her daughters (*she's prouder of her perfect teeth than her perfect legs*) . . . sports no photos of herself around the house (*except in Harry's room*) . . . has absolutely no sales-resistance when it comes to buying shoes . . . doesn't aspire to be a dramatic actress . . . hates nail polish on her fingers, but adores gaudy red lacquer on her toes . . . and drives a honey-toned Cadillac which she threatens to paint red.

Betty Grable has a little more satin than gingham in her personality and a dash of tweed in the velvet reputation. Couldn't think of a nicer blending. **END**

MYSTERY OF MAUREEN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

a top star without engaging in widely publicized romantic capers. For seven of those years she held one of the most fabulous contracts ever known to Hollywood and then proceeded to freelance at even more gigantic fees. But very few of the folks around town got to know this mystery girl well.

They knew her so little that they were forced to supplement her statement of intention to divorce with as unfounded a batch of rumors as ever had been hurled at a glamorous star leaving her husband.

But Maureen O'Hara, who obtained her interlocutory decree last August 4th, did not seek a divorce to marry any other man!

Her religion forbids it, and she is a person deeply faithful to her beliefs. If she is one of those fortunate few whose marriage is annulled by the high court of her church, THEN and only then would she feel free to marry. This is something that neither money nor fame can influence as witnessed by the stalemate of those many celebrated Catholic couples who dwell apart but cannot marry other people. Only the facts are important, and those Maureen reserves for the ears of her church.

I do know that she refrained from taking this step for years. This girl, whose enormous hazel eyes radiate charm and merriment once again, also deliberately cloistered herself and her family, staying away from an active social life, perhaps the better to guard her secret.

"What can we say about you now?" I asked her quietly.

She smiled. "You can tell the truth. I'm knee-deep in the process of re-organizing me . . . and, to tell the truth, it's quite a job."

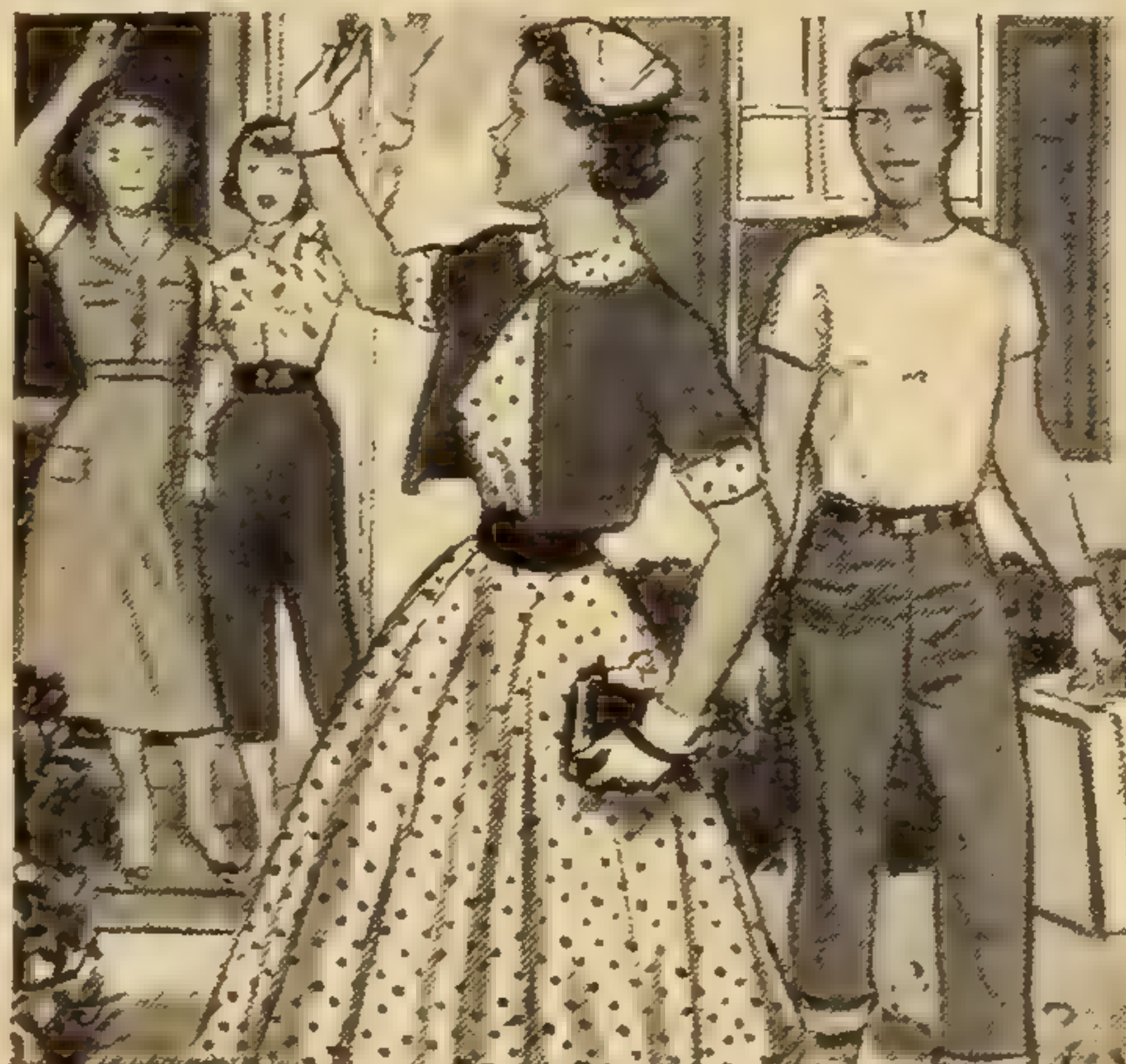
She thought a moment for the words to explain. "I'm learning how to live again



To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?

☐ Auction the eats ☐ Rig up a rope swing

Sold to you bristle bean in the yellow striped tee shirt!—one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the vittles puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep *confident*—at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft while you wear it.



Should this departing guest write a—

☐ Thank you note ☐ Bread n' butter letter

"Dear Joanie—the weekend was *devoon*"—But wait; doesn't Joan's Mom rate your appreciation, too? Write her a bread and butter letter. Lines of thanks for all she did to make your visit fun. You know, there are *some* "lines" you never need fret about: the revealing kind that Kotex *prevents*. (Thanks to those *flat, pressed ends*!)

Are you in the know?



If your back perspires too freely—

☐ Put Sis to work ☐ Hit the talcum barrel

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to pat you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for you. And for *problem-day* protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive *safety center*.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S.

To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys odors*. Buy Quest powder today.

—like a normal person. I found I didn't want a great big lavish home any more," she revealed.

"I want a cozy little place for Bronwyn and me—we've become especially close and I'm even teaching her to play the piano, despite the fact that I'm not very good at it myself," she added with a smile.

"I realize I've been depending on other people too much in every respect—including letting other people have too much of the responsibility of Bronwyn. She and I are learning together to be more like other people.

"Why, I'd gotten to the point where I couldn't even face taking clothes to the cleaner for dread of having to explain what was to be done to them! Every action that involved dealing with outsiders, I managed to avoid.

"I had become so dependent on other people," she exclaimed, "that I'd forgotten how to manage the details of daily living. It wasn't inefficiency on my part," she interjected. "I know that because when I was first married I was hopelessly, disgustingly efficient. I was the kind that overdid it—I even had labels neatly typed and pasted to every linen shelf, and I made lists in duplicate for everything. Like an office manager," she smiled.

"What would you now like most in the world?" I asked her.

She looked surprised, but took only a moment to phrase her answer. "I'd like to have a million dollars!" she said. "Then I'd settle down in a great big rocking chair in a little tiny house . . . and pester Bronwyn when she grows up and wants to get married!"

"Did anyone pester you?" I asked.

She grinned. "Certainly. *My mother.*"

"How about your career?" I asked. "Wouldn't you want to go on being a movie star even if you had a million dollars' worth of security?"

"Of course not," she quickly replied. "I wouldn't even need a whole million dollars," she decided. "All we'd need is enough for our nice little home and a small car (*she drives a big one now*) and I do like good-looking clothes," she admitted.

"Oh . . . and I usually get over to Ireland about once a year to see the family and travel a bit," she contributed as an afterthought. "But I could do with a trip to Europe *every other year* instead," she conceded.

It was strange to hear this celebrated film star talk of her career just as any of millions of women who dream of quitting work someday.

"Our expenses have been enormous," she confided. "When I think of the money I've spent during the last twelve years, I shudder. I really want to live more sensibly, on a simpler scale—and someday I really would like not to have to work," she repeated earnestly. "Remember, I started in pictures in Europe when I was sixteen, then came right over here and I've been doing that ever since.

"I took Bronwyn to Mexico recently and just came back," she told me. "What a wonderful time we had. There were no



Maureen O'Hara leaving New York, after holiday, on United for Hollywood.

servants, no big household of people, just us, and we had a wonderful time!"

As is natural to any beautiful woman, Maureen attracted admirers there. A mutual friend who visited her there told me that Maureen got lots of attention, and handled it nicely. Although she's free to do as she likes about dates, she went out with groups of interesting people and really enjoyed herself immensely.

Having the delicate complexion of a natural redhead, she couldn't laze in the sunshine too long at a time, but she loves to walk. She and her little girl took long, leisurely hikes together almost every day, exploring and sharing the fun of discovery.

"My first goal right now," she volunteered, "is to dispose of the big house we're in. I just can't wait to sell it and move to a smaller place. In fact, I have some people coming to take a look at it tomorrow night, and I have to hurry

home and clean up a spot on the living room floor," she giggled, "where my Great Dane, who's not well right now, made a slight mistake."

"You are taking this self-dependence seriously," I laughed.

"I have to," she agreed. "I talked both my brothers into staying with us until I sell the house, and I'm fresh out of help. That's one way to re-learn quickly how to keep house and do things for myself."

"How about your social life?" I asked.

She admitted that she'd received the usual wolf calls as soon as her divorce was announced in the papers. There are about ten well-known Hollywood bachelors who call a screen beauty at the drop of a hint that she's free again.

Maureen politely but firmly has refused all such invitations. She confines her socializing to groups. "I haven't gone out alone with anyone in Hollywood," she stated definitely, "and I've no plans to start doing so."

May I say that Maureen O'Hara, no longer a woman of mystery, is as natural and warmhearted a person as you could hope to meet. She's fun-loving, too—but, above all, she's sound rather than capricious. I doubt greatly that she'll decide anything important about her life with a frivolous disregard of her deep-seated beliefs or without great consideration for the feelings of the family she loves so much. She and her parents and brothers and sisters are exceedingly close to each other.

Only when she can find a way of life that merits the loving respect of her family and fulfills her own ideals will any major changes take place in the life of Maureen O'Hara. She has started the task of rediscovering herself, and it's my guess that she won't be satisfied until she does a thorough job.

END

WHY I'M GETTING BACK TO NATURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

That, of course, is quite a statement from a top movie star who, in the opinion of those who have had the good fortune to savor the experience, has never looked better than when garbed in some inspired, shimmering creation of Schiaparelli or Hattie Carnegie.

However, a mere man, like this writer for instance, can be puzzled, and anxious for a little more information. He got it!

"What I mean," says Susan, "is that men on the whole like pretty things. Men are much less attuned to the exotic than women, although they are always ready to listen. But look at the typical man—and most women do—he likes to see a pretty woman in pretty clothes."

"What exactly," we asked Susan Hayward, "are pretty clothes?"

"Oh, you know," she exclaimed. "Look around at any evening party, and you'll find more women wearing white lace and organdy than the slinky tight-fitting type. And do you know the reason?"

"No," we said, firmly.

"Men!" said Susan, just as firmly.

At this point the battle of wits was over, and this reporter interpolated eloquently, "Give again?"

Susan shrugged. "No matter how you look at it," she said, "looking pretty is an effect men are still mighty fond of in women. Anytime a woman chooses a dress, she has a man in mind—whether he's already her property, or whether the dress is destined as man-hunting equipment."

It was at this moment that she exploded the bombshell, as only Susan Hayward can explode bombshells.

"Take me," she said, (*as if any man wouldn't consider the idea*). "Take me, I would never dress to please a woman, because that would be against all the laws of nature. But to dress for a man, that is another matter."

Basically, and if you know Susan she can be very basic about everything from kitchen etiquette to boudoir do's and don'ts Miss Hayward believes that today

American women overdress the part in trying to get the part.

If that sounds like a riddle, it really isn't. What Susan means, is that in playing the most important role in life—a woman getting her man—the female of the species overplays her character.

"Men," she told this reporter (*and if she seemed to purr the word, it might have been our impression rather than the star's intonation*), "like subtlety in today's woman."

"They like subtlety," she went on, "not only in looks, attitude, but in dress. A man is much easier prey to feminine wiles if she, the modern girl, does herself over lightly. And that means in make-up, in witty conversation, and in the covering she wears over what nature gave her. Men, today, don't like profound women, mentally or physically."

If Susan Hayward is the number one *avant-garde* Hollywood female in the back-to-nature movement of every woman for herself and let the males fall where they may, perhaps she has reason to be that way.

Her creed (*and, look, girls— isn't it a good one?*) is that if Eve could accomplish what she did on a fig leaf, what's with an elaborate, extensive and costly wardrobe? Fevvenssake!

"Men like their women in the raw," but this is *another* Hollywood star talking, and she would prefer to be nameless. "Today's decorum in gilding the lily is overdone. Filet mignon with sauce Bearnaise is still filet mignon. The little touch of parsley is pretty, indeed, but is it necessary?"

Going back to Susan Hayward, this charming Hollywood star continues, "Today the girl with the leastest gains the mostest. You can believe me when I say I have seen girls in ragged denims, and wild hair blowing in the wind, go in barefooted where Miss Well-Groomed of 1953 would fear to tread. And the results have been fine!"

No, Susan Hayward thinks (*and here we are being very, very serious*), that the day of the slinky gown, the overdone coiffure, the exclusive tip-to-toe perfume, is over. A girl appeals to a man for herself alone, and the less frimperies the better.

"A man takes better notice of a girl today in a cotton dress with a dime store necklace than if she wore velvets and real pearls. Some men might blame that on income tax problems—and the threat that they might have to foot the bill—but I'd rather say, it's all a return to the primitive, when a man loved a woman for her skin rather than for what she, nowadays, protectively puts over it."

Fact of the matter, Susan Hayward thinks that if a fig leaf was good enough for Eve, why don't the American women—and all other women—throw away the keys to their wardrobes?

Furthermore, what Susan Hayward says is that a collection of clothes does not, in these halcyon days, vanquish the brave male.

Is Susan right or is Susan wrong?

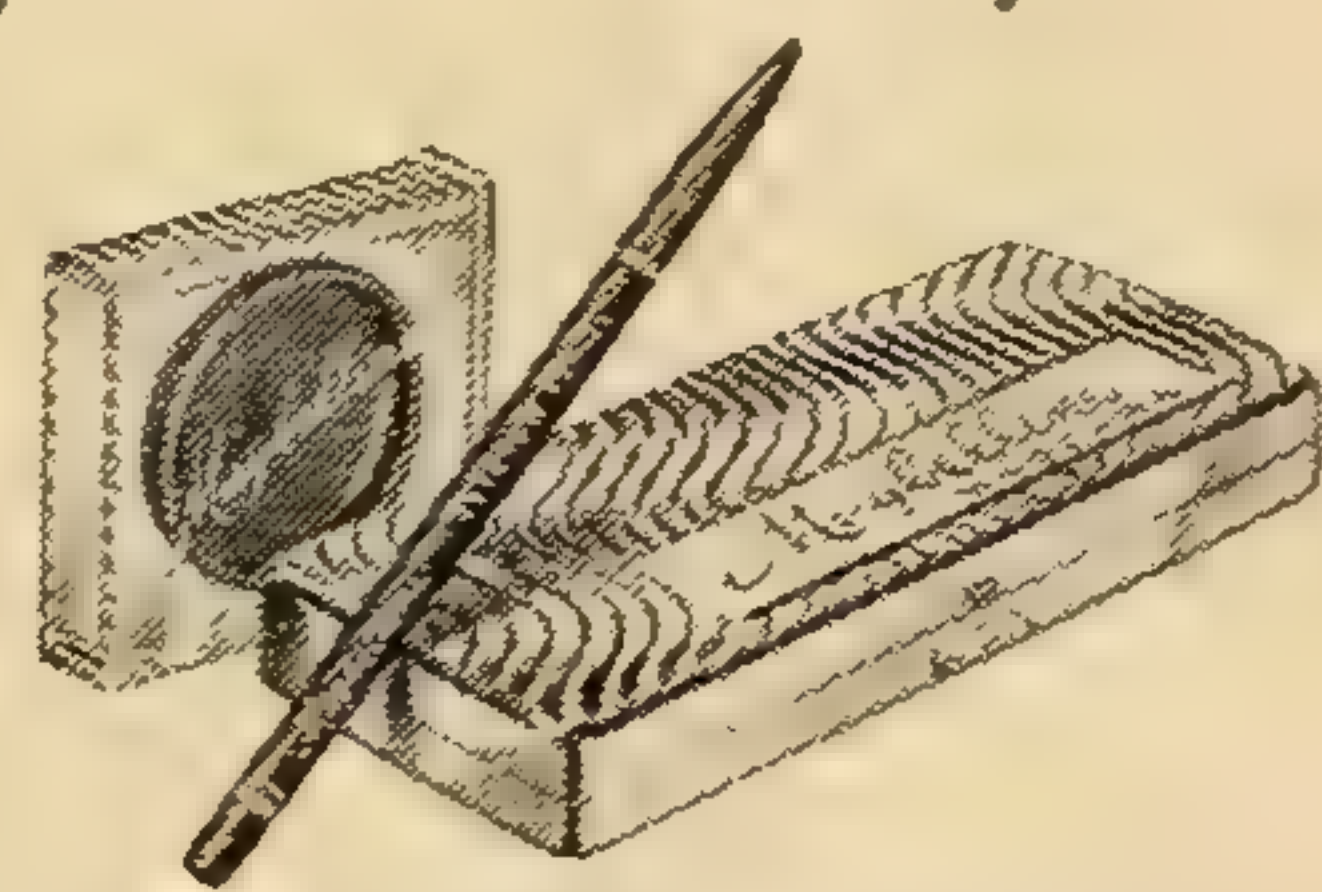
Truth of the real matter is that Susan Hayward knows what she is talking



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about. It needs neither the consensus of the designers, nor the Hollywood opinion, to come to the conclusion that sometimes it pays for a top Hollywood movie star to say, "... I am going back to nature."

Despite all stories to the contrary,

man loves woman in any guise. And if she looks the wee bit like Susan Hayward—with or without the trimmings of the world's most famous dressmakers—wouldn't you be interested?

Most men would.

END

IF I HAD MY HONEYMOON TO LIVE OVER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

during the time. But in certain ways I would not change it a bit, for it was a happy time, and that is the actual purpose of the honeymoon.

To my way of thinking, *honeymoon* is a dangerous word, and right here I would like to expound on one of my favorite theories. We are all too ready to label things these days, too ready to attach a tag to everything from a new nail polish to a new personality in the news. I think it is unfortunate that custom has labeled the first few weeks of marriage the honeymoon. It is a term that should be flexible, but so rarely is. *Honeymoon* implies moonlight and roses and a never-never land of pure enchantment. The truth of the matter is, a honeymoon is rarely all of these things, or even part of them. It simply isn't possible to designate two weeks out of the lives of a married couple as happiness weeks and expect that by some miracle they will fulfill all those expectations.

My own feeling is that a honeymoon is a state of mind, and it doesn't matter one bit if it comes the first week of marriage or ten years later. In fact, there is much to be said for the delayed honeymoon. When a husband and wife have been married a number of years and have children, they will welcome a short respite from responsibilities and will be apt to treasure that time far more than they might if it came immediately after the marriage ceremony. To paraphrase George Bernard Shaw's famous remark that youth is wasted on children, I am inclined to feel that the honeymoon is wasted on newlyweds.

Being married is such a tremendous change in itself that a honeymoon becomes almost superfluous. There is no more rewarding or wonderful experience a human being can have than the opportunity to know and understand another's life, to know that he is part of it. It is an enriching, thrilling adventure in itself. Before a couple can hope to enjoy a honeymoon, they must make an adjustment to each other, and this is not something that can happen overnight. It takes years of daily living together to reach a state of adjustment wherein two people find complete happiness and companionship with each other.

Then why have a honeymoon at all? There are a number of reasons why a honeymoon may be a good thing. For one, it is traditional. A bride may feel herself cheated in later years if she has not had one, and she may feel a certain amount of resentment. Also, when a honeymoon is successful, it serves as a fine transi-

tional period for the couple to get to know each other better.

If I had my honeymoon to live over, how would I do it? I have definite ideas. It would be brief, for one thing, perhaps only a weekend. It would not entail extensive traveling. I would make sure there would not be the hassle of getting to some distant place and then getting back. I would try to have it in surroundings that were familiar to myself and to my husband. For instance, if I were being married in Los Angeles, I would suggest some nearby place such as Lake Tahoe or Apple Valley, or even a few days at Laguna Beach. Providing, of course, that my husband was in accord with my ideas. I would insist on privacy for a few days. Too much privacy can be a hazard, however. It often makes for a sad state of affairs when a bride and groom suddenly find themselves wholly dependent upon the companionship of the other for twenty-four hours a day. It may be a strain, no matter how much in love they are. I would plan some outside diversions after a few days. Not too many people, mind you, just simple diversions which would interest both of us. There is danger in a honeymoon planned to include too much to do and too many places to go, but there is equal danger in too little to do and too few people to see.

Actually, I would like a honeymoon in our own apartment, spending our first days getting it in apple pie order, sharing the thrill of our first home. Some brides might find this a dull beginning to marriage but it would be right to my taste.

I would try very hard to have my honeymoon in a place in which both my husband and I felt at home and at ease. There are so many small adjustments to be made the first weeks of marriage, many of which present special problems for the bride. For instance, there is the matter of putting her hair up in curlers. The average woman is going to feel somewhat self-conscious for the first few times, and to be in familiar surroundings will ease the situation considerably. The same is true of the husband's many little problems, such as shaving.

Even though Tony and I didn't have a formal honeymoon, we have had any number of wonderful ones since. As I said, a honeymoon is a state of mind, and that is especially true of the two of us. Every trip we take, big or small, is a honeymoon to us. For instance, not long ago we went up to San Francisco on a benefit tour. It wasn't work for us; it was a honeymoon, with the wonderful chance to see new places and meet new



Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis attend "Call Me Madam" party at Romanoff's.

people. It was stimulating because we had so many new things to share with each other. And our trip to Europe was a honeymoon in every sense, though it came considerably after our actual wedding date. To tell the truth, I don't think we would have found it such a rich, rewarding experience had we taken it when we were first married. Like all newlyweds, we were very much absorbed in each other, and I am sure that many of the wonders of Europe would have been wasted on us. When we did go, we had reached a state of adjustment to each other and were sure in our love and our companionship, so were able to turn our interests outward, each enriching the other with our varying points of view and enthusiasms.

I am sure you have heard many stories of brides who collapsed on their honeymoons from sheer nervous fatigue. That is another reason I am inclined to favor delayed honeymoons. Before the wedding, frequently a bride is caught up in a whirlwind of activity that proves terribly exhausting, despite the fun. Her wedding is one of the true highlights of a woman's life. After all the frenzy, a girl really needs some peace and quiet. And then what happens? The couple has planned a long, tiring trip to some distant place. Then there is the emotional strain of two people getting adjusted to each other. Though many honeymoons do turn out well, it is possible they would be even more enjoyable were they taken at a later date when both the bride and groom had recovered from the pre-wedding exhaustion.

It is important that a couple be in accord in their ideas on honeymoons. The husband may be crazy about the great outdoors and nothing strikes him as finer than two weeks beside a mountain stream, roughing it. That's a fine idea if the bride is a nature-lover, too, but the chances are that she would prefer another locale for her honeymoon. Naturally,

a woman wants to look as glamorous as possible on her honeymoon, and it's quite a feat to do that in the great outdoors. In most instances, the fishing or hunting trip would be a greater success if taken later.

A honeymoon should be a monument in memory, but only one of many. It should not be a time of happiness apart from marriage itself, but a part of it. The

joy of a lifetime together should be the ultimate hope for every married couple. If a couple begins marriage with the mutual belief that they will have many honeymoons together, regardless of time or place, it is likely that they will have them. And whether your own honeymoon takes place this June or years from now, I hope with all my heart that it is a period of great happiness. **END**

DON'T WAIT TO MARRY...

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

confides and confesses more than he normally would minus the stress of emotion, he avoids you. Just seeing you is a reminder of his momentary weakness and a problem that may no longer exist. Even though you keep his sacred trust, to him you're still like someone who's been peeking over his transom and knows things he wishes you didn't know.

"We seldom see two very dear friends for this identical reason. They were the ones who came to us under duress. With all the honesty and respect we know, we listened to them with impartiality and tried our best to help them. Well, they eventually got back together and we only saw them on rare occasions after that. They always acted so embarrassed and uncomfortable. Now you know why we don't want to stick our necks out and risk losing friendships again."

Sheila nodded approval as she listened. Then, sane-thinking gal that she is, she quickly added:

"This explains why you are so reluctant to give advice, Gordon, but it still doesn't help to solve the situation for young people in love who wonder whether they should marry or wait until they can afford all the things they want. Why not just discuss this problem and while it won't actually be giving advice, anyone reading this can make comparisons. If they want to apply it, then it has served a purpose."

Gordon looked at Sheila worshipfully.

"Darling, you are so right," he almost whispered. "Here's what I honestly believe about early marriages for young people presumably in love, who wonder whether they should wait until they have a car, a TV set, that little cottage with roses 'round the door. Naturally what I think and feel can only be based on my own experiences during 12 years of marriage—based on the results of living, learning and growing together.

"We were no different when Sheila was 18 and I was going on 20, than young people who write to me today and ask whether they should marry or wait. Both of us had enjoyed the usual dates when we first met and I would say we were as wise as one was expected to be at our age. Now I didn't particularly want to rush into marriage and Sheila cried a whole weekend trying to make up her mind!

"After all, we had only known each other six months. But when a fellow meets the girl he usually makes up his

mind fast. Suddenly those fraternity pins go into the drawer and all thoughts and plans include one girl instead of several. He wants to settle down but at the same time something inside of him keeps asking if he's doing the right thing. There is no answer—then. I don't believe that feeling of assurance and complete confidence can possibly exist at the beginning in marriage.

"How can anyone know what true love is then? Love is a growing thing and only through trial, tribulation and long experience is a great fullness reached. When it's all so new and exciting, you can't be expected to think sensibly. Looking back on my own marriage, there's just one thing to remember (if possible) regardless of when you take the fatal step. When you're married there have got to be problems. So get married young if you want—and don't worry about it!

"I was singing with a band and making \$50 a week when we started out. In our ecstatic state of course, we thought of nothing but our own new-found happiness. Then reality set in with a thud when I couldn't pay our hotel bill in Louisville, where the band was playing. So right then and there I began to look at marriage in a more serious light. When Sheila was asked to audition for a radio show, she wanted to turn it down. I was annoyed and insisted that she try. She got the job, remained a week and quit. If she hadn't, who knows? We might not be together today because to live apart is to grow apart.

"When I was in the service Sheila followed me around and lived in towns where I was stationed. She took odd jobs, as a saleslady, a kindergarten teacher, she was one of the first lady disc jockeys. We pooled our resources and saw each other whenever possible. It was a sacrifice in many ways, but if we want to work things out in life, sometimes we have to sacrifice. Especially during the first year of marriage, you may develop diversified interests if you don't share the same experiences at the same time.

"As I said before, when one is married there have to be problems. It takes great patience, in our case nearly six years of patience—and mostly on my part. Sheila was extremely self-conscious, which is a form of shyness. If she came into a room and people whispered, she was sure they were whisper-

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ing about her. Of course today she laughs about it and realizes that it actually was an inverted form of ego. I loved night baseball games and Sheila didn't. So it became an issue until she got wise to herself and insisted that I take one night a week off to be with the boys. As a result I didn't want to be with them. I wanted to be with her. Oh yes, she could tell you stories about me too!

"Telling these things seems so inconsequential in retrospect. To young newlyweds, however, they are vitally important. It's my guess that many divorces could be averted if young couples wouldn't act hastily during these adjustment clashes. Today, more than ever before, help and guidance is within the reach of everyone. Psychiatry, of course, is an excellent outlet, but too much of a luxury for many couples just starting out.

"There are marriage counsellors and institutes of marital relations all over the country. Many of them offer their services free and you'd be surprised at the number of couples we know who take advantage of this. To eliminate problems they must be talked out. When they exist and nothing is done about them, divorce won't help. The same problems will just be carried along to the second husband or wife.

"Because we like to see young people happily married, Sheila and I are always concerned when they fail. Invariably the answer is the same—they are bored! So we've come to the conclusion that boredom is the deadliest of marriage monsters. This same boredom can set in for rich and poor alike, in fact—it is even a greater problem to those well-off. With every necessity within their reach, every luxury and pleasure at their command, life no longer presents a challenge to them.

"If a husband or wife is bored, they should put themselves in a corner and say—'what's going on?' Boredom, I believe, in most cases is actually discontent with self—nothing else!

"We've read many books on the subject of early marriages and according to the 'experts,' young people should wait to marry until a certain age—because they're changing. Isn't everyone? They'll keep right on changing too. The big issue



Jane Russell, on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" set, awaits cue for scene.

is to change together—and grow together. Look at Winston Churchill who some thought was through at 30, in and out several times and now at 78 he is better than ever. Change is normal and keeps going on. You are never through—so why wait?

"Now I come to the greatest argument in favor of early marriages—children. Yes, they are a great responsibility but today's world leaves no choice as to the 'right' time to start planning a family. Just think, I'll be 39 when my son is 18! We can play golf together and we'll be companionable because we'll have so much in common. Sheila and our two daughters will be more like sisters, they'll probably wear each other's clothes and certainly will have a bond and enjoy the same things. Yes, we think it is just great to have a family while you're still young.

"By this time I'm sure you catch on that I definitely believe in marrying young and not waiting—even if you have to buy that engagement ring on the installment plan as I did. As long as you are *genuinely* in love—you'll manage to pay for it!"

END

"I DIDN'T SAY THAT!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

man, wardrobe man, and stand-in that she brought with her. It led many wise-acs to snort, "Hmm, Jane came loaded for bear."

Let's analyze that tidbit for a moment. First of all the Russell figure has always been whistle-bait, and, anyway, how can you improve on perfection? The "crew" she brought with her, not only accompanied her to 20th, but also to Paramount on her loanouts with Bob Hope.

Jane long ago got RKO Bossman Howard Hughes to put the group under con-

tract, so wherever she goes they have a job, too. The men are frank about their admiration of her going to bat for them and happily refer to Jane as "The Connection."

"I've really enjoyed making 'Blondes,' since for the first time I get to play *me*! I'm not some sleeky siren or gangster's foil, I just am what I am. Director Howard Hawks wrote the screenplay with the idea of letting me appear on the screen as I really appear in private life with my friends. I hope this new idea comes off.

"There has been a gradual breaking away from my strictly glamour formula. Those pictures with Bob Hope, I think, began establishing me in audiences' minds as a comedienne. 'Blondes' should complete the change.

"As far as any feuds brewing between Marilyn and me, it's ridiculous. There's nothing to fight about. We are entirely different. Just ask Jack Cole," she grinned as she said this.

"You see, when we first started working on the musical numbers, Jack didn't know me too well. Most of the numbers called for both Marilyn and myself to do identical steps, and sing the very same lyrics. However, as he became familiar with both of our reactions and deliveries, he started improvising, until now we can both be doing the same number, yet we both look different. He has Marilyn doing all the ultra feminine gestures . . ." Whereupon Jane draped her hands gracefully under her cheek and fluttered her eyelashes.

"He has me doing the more boyish, outdoor type of movements."

We looked a little vague at the description, so Jane illustrated. We could never put on paper what she did. But take our word for it, if the way she dances is boyish or outdoorish, hand us some barbells and call us *Tarzan*.

Some of her girl friends at the table let us in on the fact that Jane and Bob Waterfield had just celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary. That number alone helps to squash umpteen rumors. Seems Jane, who has lost three wedding rings in her cross-country travels, is minus the usual band on the third finger left hand.

"Robert finally decided to let me stew for awhile before buying me number four to lose," she explained.

There's one thing that we couldn't help noticing when she mentions Bob and that's the unmistakable feeling of love and respect she has for him. In all the time we've known Jane, we've never heard her belittle her husband's career or talk of his personal affairs.

"I went to every football game I could when Robert was playing, but now that he's given it up, I won't care about going."

Jane admits she isn't the easiest person to get along with. "In the mornings before I'm fully awake and have my coffee, I'm a raging lion. If this nasty feeling lingers after breakfast, Robert always remarks, 'You haven't had enough sleep, go back to bed.'

"I have to get at least 10 hours sleep or I'm off all day; he knows it and he says so."

Their home is constantly full of friends and fun. As far as stardom being a lonely life, Jane can well answer, "I didn't say that!"

Jane admits she and her cronies have their own special brand of humor. "We believe an insult is the basis for a gag. It's because we've known one another for years and so completely trust each other that we can toss barbs like 'that child of yours is a sniveling idiot' . . . or 'I'd be glad to come over if that horrible husband of yours isn't there' . . . or some other meaningless, tongue-in-cheek rib."

DOES A LOST LOVE EVER RETURN?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

women know deeply, intimately, it is love. It is in our blood, in our training from the time we were little children. The joy of belonging, of giving, sharing, loving the man who was meant for us. So I know—but I cannot say exactly how I know—that when one has loved and lost, if one meets the loved one later, love, if and when it comes again, will not be the same.

Perhaps you will still love the man . . . but that is not really the right way to put it. Instead, let us say that you will love him again, but differently. You may be able to look at this man, with all the changes life has created, and love the new, different man he has become!

But I wonder!

Because I have always felt that European women do not want sexual equality with men, and that they are happier than most American women who insist they are men's equal, I believe most of all in man's faithfulness.

I believe that a man can be the most devoted, most faithful, most loyal being in the world—when he finds the right woman.

And the right woman is the woman who has no fear of the past, the present, or what the future might bring. Probably the reason that John and I are so happy is that there are no shadows in our lives. We have both learned, through past experiences, to hold on to the substances.

Speaking for both of us, we feel that our life when we met, had its real beginning. And nothing, but nothing, that ever went before could spoil its progress, or its future.

If someone came back out of John's past, jealous as I might be of something that had come before and might become important again, I would look at the intrusion with an open mind.

I say intrusion, because I know that John would welcome it no more than I would. I am pleased and proud that my husband is a handsome, amusing and friendly individual—and that he would never be tempted to disguise his natural characteristics to avoid a ticklish problem.

But if a woman from out of the past did come back and say nostalgically, "John, do you remember the fun we had when . . .," I would not scream nor die, nor be unduly resentful towards the intruder. Knowing how firmly I stand in John's life today, and he in mine, I would be like any other well-bred woman—considerate, and as understanding as I could be within the limits of good reasoning.

Oh, but no matter how anyone feels, there are still dangers in trying to recapture an old, lost love! Suppose you love the new man—and he does *not* love the new woman you have become?

And that jealousy I have spoken about, and which can't be avoided? French women know all about jealousy. It is a part of our essential make-up. We can-

not bear not to know, not to share, not to possess, the men we love.

To me, it would be impossible to meet again a man I had loved years ago, and to take up where we had left off, as you say in America. I confess that I would always, but *always*, wonder, ". . . who taught him to kiss like this?"

And I would resent every last little detail, however innocent, in his life which had made him the *new* man, but which I had not shared! I know that is illogical, but there it is.

Some day, when I was very angry, I would accuse him of things I suspected he had done during that time when we had been parted. And, like all women—French or any other nationality—I have an inventive mind!

I would say to him, "Ah, you disapprove of me because once you knew a woman who did not do—this or that!" And, later I would say—when I was *very* angry—"WELL . . . WHO WAS SHE?"

Of course, he would tell me that there had been no one. He would swear that he had not really loved anyone but me—but my nasty inventive mind would make up scenes, visions of the times spent with *her*, and soon I would refuse to believe him.

I would say, "Don't tell me you didn't have a sweetheart all that time we weren't seeing each other! I won't believe it—an attractive man like you! Of course there was another girl, WHO WAS SHE?"

And there it would be: a fight!

But perhaps you are one of those practical balanced American women who say. "Of course, he must have known other women. After all—I wasn't sitting alone, either!"

Still I tell you, you will be unhappy at the things you didn't share! Perhaps you will not, then, be jealous of an unknown woman. But you will be unhappy at the friends he has made without you, the good times he has had on vacation—without you!

When you meet an old love, and find him fatter—thinner—bald—er—or even wearing glasses—all these things you can accept as part of the new and different person he has become. Perhaps this person is still one you can love, but can you take with it that irritating habit of clearing his throat which you remember so well from the first romance?

No, on the whole, it is better to let the old love become a good friendship, rather than try to love anew.

Love should always be fresh and rapturous—learning new things every minute about the person one loves. How depressing and drab to learn new things—only to find, too, some old things one didn't like are still a part of one's life?

We all say that love doesn't last, that romance is fleeting and made up of candlelight, and moonbeams and stardust. But let me tell you one thing:

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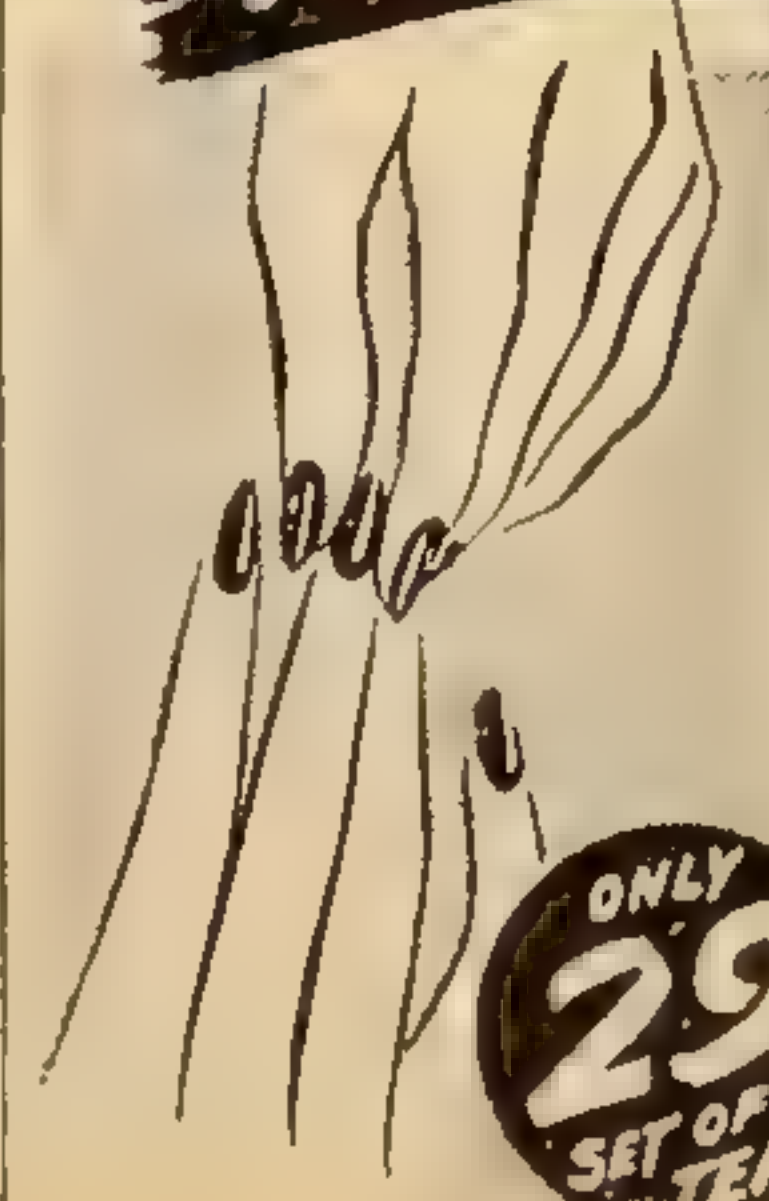
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make a marriage. The only snag is that these things grow out of romance, and how can one be romantic over a warmed-over love?

No, I do not think love returns. I think it must always go forward. It is

tragic when one loves and loses one's love—but—the world is full of love.

One has only to wait, and to look, and to hope with a happy heart—and some day a new and more shining love will appear. END

THE CONFUSED MR. SKELTON

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

pitiful," Red said of his wife, whom he wed in 1945. "But she doesn't want to be loved. All I ask of life is a chance to see and talk to the kids. And I don't want a wife behind a locked door."

He said Georgia "always keeps her bedroom locked as well as the door of the nursery where the children sleep."

"If I'm lucky I get to see the kids about 10 minutes a day," he stated from his hotel rampart. "The nurse is always giving them a bath or bedding them down for a nap when I want to romp with them."

Georgia replied that the reason she locked her bedroom against her husband was "so he wouldn't wake up the kids." The children are Valentine, five and a half, and Richard, four and a half.

"He had the unhappy habit of going through my room to get to the adjacent babies' room," she said. "He'd come in at four o'clock in the morning—he often worked very late—and want to play with them. I finally told him I'd have to lock the door. I can't allow the children to get up at that hour."

Georgia said that as far as she was concerned, Red had not moved out.

"His clothes are here, four or five of his typewriters are here and his gag files are here. We are not getting a divorce and we never will," she announced with firmness. "I don't believe in divorce, and I won't have our babies suffering from a broken home."

She said she had "devoted eight years of my life to Red," and that if she were "going to quit," she would "have quit a long time ago."

"He should be happy and he deserves to be because he has made so many people happy," she explained. "But he's a difficult guy to live with. He's got too much pressure on him."

By "pressure" she, obviously, was referring to the hard work and the long, irregular hours of preparing and rehearsing weekly radio and television programs, conferring with MGM studio officials about films, writing gags, going over multitudinous details of his busy career with his business manager, Bo Roos.

The Skeltons live in a big colonial house with high ceilings—appropriately high for one of his 6 feet 2 stature. Nearby is a special cottage containing a workroom, kitchen and bath. There he prepares his show routines and discusses programs with his staff.

Since the Spring of 1951 his career has been one of many commitments. It was then that Red really came into super-

duper dough. He signed a seven-year contract with the Proctor & Gamble Soap Co., under which he was to receive \$7,500,000 as a radio and TV performer.

(RED SKELTON SHOW, NBC-TV, SUNDAYS, 7 PM, EST; NBC RADIO, TUESDAYS, 8:30 PM, EST.)

He also held a two-pictures-a-year contract with MGM that would give him \$2,500,000 more during that period.

These contracts did not include the comic's income from personal appearances or recordings which, according to his manager, "should add up to further millions."

Such a schedule, manifestly, deprived him of the close family life that he cherishes. He began to see his family only at odd and frequently inconvenient hours.

But Red Skelton had now become a national figure, the subject of one of the largest business deals of its type ever negotiated. What made it especially pleasing to him was the fact that all of his labors as a comedian originated in Hollywood.

His career is one of the great sagas of show business. His star went into the ascendant in the Fall of 1929. A native of Vincennes, Ind., and, at 17, a veteran of show business, he was performing at a burlesque theatre in Kansas City when the management of the local Pantages Theatre "borrowed" him to fill in on a vaudeville bill for an actor taken ill.

Blonde, pretty Edna Stillwell was ushering at the Pantages. She watched Red's act, thought it very unfunny. With the courage of her 15 years, she went back stage later and told him so, told him how he could make it better.

She discovered, she has related, that he was "a fresh kid," but he did not forget her criticism.

Their paths crossed again a few months later when Edna entered a walkathon contest—walkathons were then the rage—and found that Red was master of ceremonies. Before the contest was over, they were very much in love, and they married.

They spent the first year of their marriage with a walkathon, she as cashier, he as emcee. Their joint salary was \$50 a week. Ultimately, it rose to \$250.

The couple decided to try New York and vaudeville. It was never Edna's aim to be an actress. Her sole ambition was to put Red at the top in show business.

They found Broadway tough sledding. Then Red landed a job as emcee at a Montreal night club. His opening performance there was a flop. Later that night he happened to see a man dunk-



Red Skelton puts whammy on Buddy Baer during "Dream Girl" pause.

ing a doughnut with unusual virtuosity at a coffee stand.

It gave him an idea for a show routine. Red tried it out next day, and it went over big. A good pantomimist, he gave imitations of different kinds of people dunking doughnuts. He used, of course, real doughnuts and coffee.

The engagement was extended seven weeks. On the strength of that success Red Skelton was booked into the Paramount Theatre in New York. He also scored a big hit there. Definitely he was "on his way," and he gained weight on the doughnuts.

Hollywood gave him the nod. He signed with MGM. He had been flat broke a year before. His inspired mugging in his first picture, "Having Wonderful Time," led to leading parts in "Whistling In The Dark," "Lady Be Good," "Flight Command," "Panama Hattie" and "DuBarry Was A Lady."

Radio programs boosted him higher among the nation's entertainment stars.

Skelton soon found himself working day and night. Edna had a full-time job, too, as his script writer, business manager and tamer of his temperament. Career and marriage got all mixed up together. There was no personal life for either. And for several months, Red's phrase, "I dood it," overshadowed even business.

"It had to be either a job as wife or that of manager and gag writer," Edna declared. "I feel it more important to carry on for Red as manager than to try to succeed in both jobs and probably mess up both."

Edna Skelton obtained a divorce from Red in 1943. They had lived together 11 years.

Red, meanwhile, was missing the woman who understood him so well, wired for her to come back as manager. She returned to Hollywood and to the friendship that had been so successful.

Edna, later, married Director Frank Borzage. She discovered, however, that combining career and marriage, involving two different men, did not work out. Managing Red's affairs seriously interfered with her new home life and social engagements.

The eventual outcome was a trip to

Nevada in July, 1949, for Edna and a divorce decree on the grounds of mental cruelty.

Skelton now had become attentive to honey-haired Muriel Morris, screen actress and a "back home" girl from Evansville, Ind. They applied for a marriage license in Los Angeles. He told reporters they would be wed in "a couple of days."

Suddenly, Muriel called off the wedding, explaining it was "a case of changing my mind—there's someone else in my life."

Immediately Skelton began to see a lot of Lynn Merrick and other actresses. He and Lynn had met on a U.S. bond-selling tour and together they had sold \$15,000,000 worth of bonds. It was rated a hot record, and it may or may not have ignited the romantic bonfire between them.

Nothing came of it, however. He tried, it was said, to convince Edna Stillwell that she should remarry him. That, too, was no go.

It was then that Georgia Davis, actress and photographer's model of Kalispell, Mont., came into his life. They had met on the MGM lot where she had been playing small parts. He fell madly in love with her, and she with him. They became engaged, and this time the engagement was not broken.

Richard "Red" Skelton and Georgia Davis were married on March 9, 1945, in the Beverly Vista Community Church, Beverly Hills. She was 23 years old, and glamorous. He was 31, and with a two weeks' furlough from the Army.

The occasion was unusual—ven in Hollywood, for Red's first wife came along when the couple took out their

marriage license. But . . . Edna Stillwell Skelton was still his business manager and principal skit-and-gag writer.

Skelton, because of his formidable place in show business, is not one to remain rooted for long. He has to be up and going somewhere. Perhaps, as not long ago, taking a large party—Georgia was along—on a flight to Europe.

The trip included a four weeks' engagement at London's Palladium Theatre at \$40,000 a week, and an audience with the Pope who congratulated him on his "great fight against Communism on the radio." The party also visited Paris and Stockholm.

Most of the expenses of the new overseas junket were paid from Red's bulging wallet. He made a big hit with his British audiences. But it was for some 50 fellow passengers aboard a crippled BOAC airliner, as it struggled across the Alps to a safe emergency landing at Lyons, that he put on "the performance of his life." For 34 tense minutes Red clowned in the aisle to divert the passengers while the plane droned onward with two of its four engines out of commission.

But Red Skelton is a willing performer anywhere, anytime.

"I'm such a ham," he says, "I'll stay on an hour if I can get one guy to listen to me."

However, there is one woman who won't listen to him—when he becomes "difficult." Georgia Davis Skelton just will not permit Red to upset her household routine.

Hollywood is betting Red conforms to that routine. It knows he's intensely in love with Georgia.

END

KEEP IT A SECRET!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

drabness—and that's bad for a marriage.

"I actually know young wives—too many of them—who seem to think that their husbands will appreciate them more if they think the wives have labored long and hard to make them comfortable. 'I got so-o-o tired making that pie,' they sigh, or, 'I'm simply exhausted from washing woodwork!' Somehow they seem to want credit for doing these things, they want him to feel sorry or guilty about it. They're so wrong!

"Don't let the man in your life associate you constantly in his thoughts with drab activities. He'll be bored. And besides, you'll begin to feel drab, yourself, and nothing can be worse for a girl's morale than that.

"If your husband has a strenuous job—and most men's jobs are strenuous, you know—you ought to let him have at least half an hour after he gets home to relax, be comfortable, to get unwound. Sit with him and be gay.

"If you have young children, have them fed and, at least, ready for bed before he arrives. And don't say you

can't do it! Any modern woman who knows the first thing about holding down a job can tell you that you *can* organize your time to suit your own convenience and pleasure, that you *don't* have to be a slave to details—if you use your head."

Jane adds a last, amused thought to all of this. "But if you simply have to go into the kitchen—perhaps to take dinner out of the oven or put in a steak to broil—and you do have to put on an apron for a few minutes—well, get one of those new aprons which are trimmed with sequins! If you have to dish up a stew, you may as well look cute and glamorous while you're doing it.

"Have flowers and candles on the table when you sit down to eat and act like a lighthearted guest in your own home. Hide the dirty dishes somewhere to be washed the following morning when he isn't there. All right—all *right*—that makes extra work for you next day. But not very much and I think it's worth it. If you've handled it properly, you've been relaxed and you've had fun, too. If you don't enjoy your hours with him

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as much as he does, then the whole thing is a failure."

Then there is the super-important business of being lovely. You have to work at it, to be sure—but you must make it seem like a breeze and never give the impression of fussing over your looks. Keep it a secret!

Jane says, "I study the ads in the women's magazines and read all the columns of beauty advice and then I experiment. They can sell me *anything* if they make me think I will look nicer and especially if it will make me look different.

"Now and then I get good and tired of looking at myself in the mirror. Doesn't every woman? I like change. Not in my surroundings—I never move furniture around, don't have an urge to keep re-decorating my house. I like a house to have a 'lived-in look.' But I certainly don't want a 'lived-in look' for my clothes or my personality—or my face! I want a fresh new sparkle as often as I can achieve it.

"If you simply must put your hair in pincurls, wrap it in a pretty scarf. If you're the type who thinks she has to wear pincurls at breakfast—for goodness' sake, don't get up for breakfast! Almost any man would rather fix his own morning meal than share it with a witch!"

For the bachelor girl with a job of her own, who chooses to entertain a man at dinner occasionally, Jane has some different—and sly—advice. "It's all right to let *him* see you in a coy, ruffled apron, presiding over a couple of pots and pans," she thinks. "Only make it a real doll of an apron, and have your face, and hair as well, groomed as you would at a night club. Even have attractive pots and pans—maybe copper ones. If he eats in restaurants a lot, it will probably be a novelty—and maybe it will make him think of his mother or some dear old aunt in Kankakee. Anyhow, it's a domestic touch and may give him ideas—if that's what you want.

"But don't let *him* think there is any drudgery attached to this business of fixing a meal, either. Even if you've planned it for days and been polishing silver since last Tuesday and have spent good money at the local delicatessen, let him think the whole thing was a completely effortless lark. He'll go back to a lonely apartment to dream of coming home to a lovely vision in ruffled organdie who can whip up nectar and ambrosia with no effort whatever.

"After all, it's just a matter of showmanship and women have been using that for centuries."

Maybe the whole thing, she thinks, boils down to the necessity of being a little bit mysterious, after all. You mustn't let the man-in-your-life see the wheels go 'round, the wheels that keep the charm aglow.

"If you work in an office, don't have a 'beauty drawer' and sit at your desk pawing through your equipment, doing things to your face where everyone can see you," she shudders. "If you don't have a locker, have a little beauty kit and take it to the powder room during

your coffee break, and use your skin fresheners, hand lotions and lipstick there. Try to have extra stockings and maybe even a fresh blouse so that you can be the girl who looks handbox fresh when everyone else is starting to wilt.

"But don't make a visible fuss about it!"

Every type of woman, Jane maintains, has her special kinds of drudgeries. An actress has problems of fittings and tests, and make-up and posing for photographs that often seem pretty grueling to her.

THE DEEPIES TAKE OVER!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

phrase, wherever there is a gay silver cloud, there is also a dark, grim shadow.

Remember when, in movies' transition from the silents to the talkies, how many heads fell? Promising careers died like the London populace in the Black Plague. The vibrant, unheard voice of a great movie hero emerged as a shrill, feminine squeak—and other illusions, like flies in the face of a DDT bomb, were scattered to the ends of oblivion.

Can this happen, once again, to the Hollywood stars?

Will the new medium provide the impetus that Hollywood—reeling under the competition of TV—has needed to regain and solidify its strength and position as the world's first mode of entertainment for the masses, or will the three D's stand for Delirium, Doldrums and Disaster? It is almost too soon to know which way the final wind will blow.

But one thing is certain, the 3-Dimension fever has gripped the heart of the motion picture-making industry, and many stout people are quaking.

Today, the star is faced with the most eloquent writing on the wall since the silents became, with almost catastrophic suddenness, the talkies. Producers from Darryl Zanuck to Samuel Goldwyn, and a lot of little fellows in between, were quick to apprise the press and the public of the new development. "Flatties," they said, "are out. And deepies are in."

It was soon discovered that practically every studio had gotten a finger in the new pie that everyone hopes will mean greater new grosses at the box-office, and perhaps at least a new five-year plan for a better prosperity for the movie industry. At the start, it looks like a battle between depth-illusion and the stereoscopic.

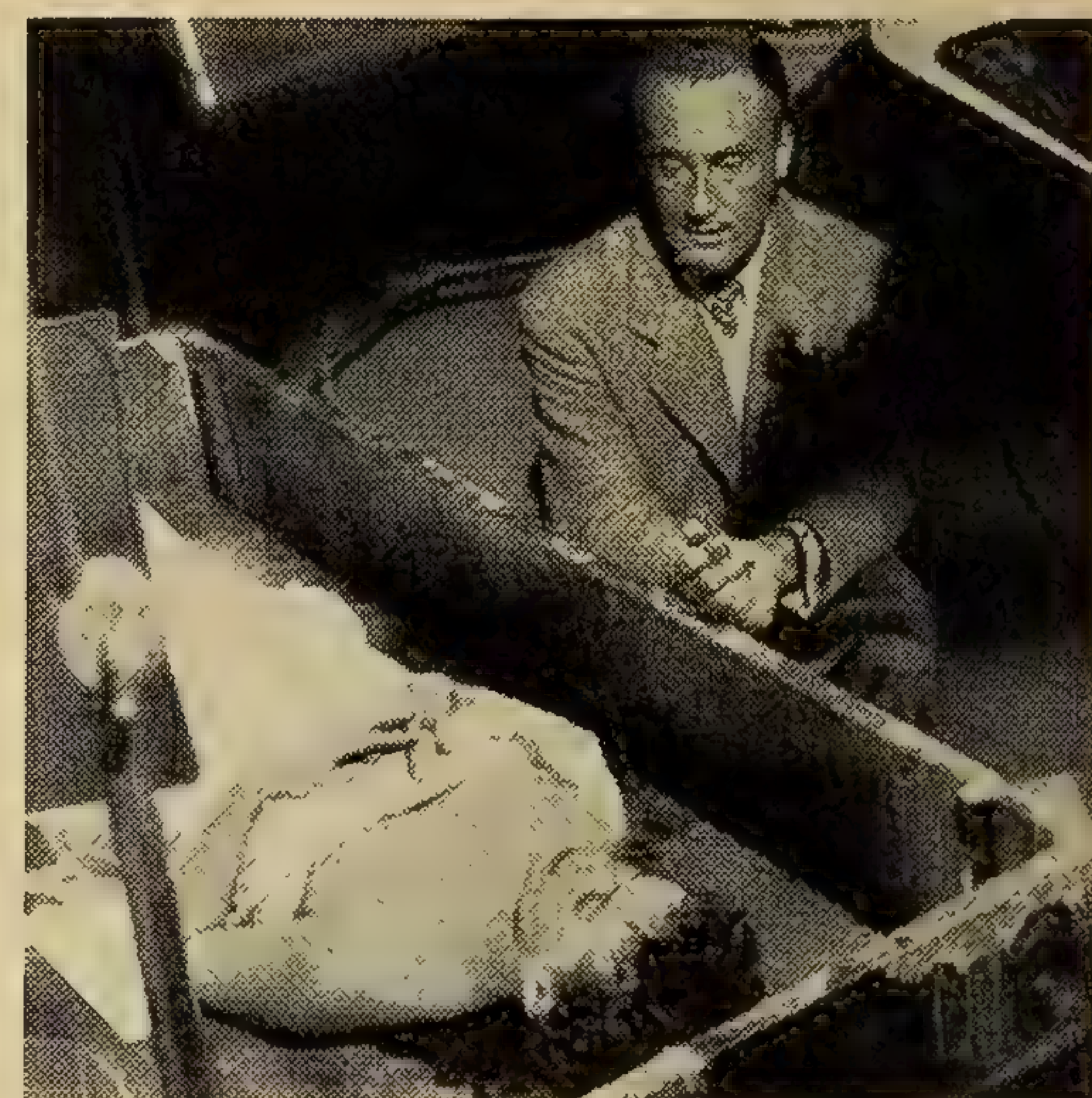
If that sounds technical, it isn't, too much. For the latter you have to wear glasses, given free with your cinema-going ticket. In the former, you are untrammelled with gadgets, and your eyes are your own. If there are advantages, or disadvantages to one system over the other, that is covered later in this article.

So far it would seem like a neck-and-neck race between the two systems. No matter who wins, the current effect is the same: whether a spear is thrown at you—"Bwana Devil;" whether a boat jumps through flames—"This is Ciner-

The housewife has a lot of tasks that are monotonous, grubby and unlovely. The business girl has to try to maintain her glamour and mystery with pretty sketchy equipment, while keeping her mind on what may be a mundane job.

"But we can all do it if we use our heads," she thinks. "We can have charm . . . not just physical charm, but the charm of easy poise and ready laughter . . . if we'll plan a little, then relax and never let anyone catch us working at it. "Just don't fuss over it!"

END



Director DeToth prepares eerie scene for Phyllis Kirk in 3-D "House Of Wax."

ama;" or a carousel whirls merrily and giddily "CinemaScope;" you, the moviegoer in the front or back rows of your neighborhood theatre, are *there!*

The last barrier between make-believe on the screen, and *you*, the far-off sidelines viewer, may go. The players will be able to touch you, as you may easily be able (*you think*) to touch them! Your entertainment will be in your lap, and you will be in the lap of the players.

All privacy between player and audience will have vanished. And in the time to come, it will be hard to concentrate on eating popcorn, candy, and even smoking a cigarette. It can so happen that a player may interrupt anything you're doing, and spoil all your extra-curricular cinema-going fun!

No matter how you look at it, tomorrow's movie-going public will be part of the show itself. And it will have to behave accordingly. It is doubtful that a boy will have the courage to put his arm around his girl's shoulder in the farthest back seats, because any player may reach out and separate them—if not physically, at least from the point of illusion.

Are the deepies here to stay?

Hollywood, which has been frantically casting about for an answer to television, says yes—but the excitement and novelty are something that even the most enthusiastic can't disregard. Hitherto, the

movies have been a nice place to relax. Now privacy is likely to be taken away from the farthest seat, the dimmest corner—and you and your girl—or you with your critical opinions—are no longer alone, but part of the show; a guest at the party. The conflict, at first, may be a little hard to take.

All of this of course, is one person's opinion. The real truth of the matter is that all studios think enough of the various types of the new medium to adopt them in a hurry, and make as many pictures in that fashion as fast as they can. Here is a partial list of some of the things the moviegoer can expect in 1953:

In the medium of depth-illusion (*that's viewing the movie without polarized glasses*) will be 20th Century-Fox's long awaited "The Robe," Cinerama's filmization of the Broadway hit musical, "Paint Your Wagon," Sol Lesser's "Three-D Follies," and Victor Saville's production of the Thomas Costain best-seller, "The Silver Chalice."

All the above movies will be filmed in both depth-illusion and stereoscopic mediums, which means you will be able to see them, according to the facilities of your neighborhood theatre, with or without glasses. However, the wearing of the cardboard-framed polarized lenses by the viewer presents an interesting and still unsolved problem.

Most women hate them, and most men find them hard to adapt on the bridge of the nose or around the ears. Sometimes, manipulation of the glasses requires a feat of jugglery, and they always slip off during the most exciting moment. Woman, always a perverse individual, either loses her hat, or her glasses. A man sometimes finds it hard to smoke. But this is not so bad as it seems. If the medium succeeds, you will be able to buy good permanent glasses for \$1 to \$5, and carry them with you whenever you go to see this special type of film.

On the other hand, people who wear glasses ordinarily find it hard to adapt the synthetic eye-piece against their own lenses. The spectacles and their manipulation of them can be as disturbing as prolonged coughing fits or children wrestling with bags of popcorn or cellophane-wrapped candy.

Still, the three-D movies are here and whether they will stay or not depends on the perfection of the various processes and the means of viewing them. In the purely stereoscopic medium, where glasses *have* to be worn, you will be seeing, in 1953, the following:

Paramount's "Sangaree," one of the most ambitious and probably one of the most effective presentations in the new medium.

Next will come Warner Brothers' "House Of Wax," Universal-International's "It Came From Outer Space," Allied Artists' "The Maze" (*enhanced by Dali drawings, no less*) and Columbia's "Fort Ti"—to mention but a few.

The system that all Hollywood, however, is looking forward to is CinemaScope. Under exclusive lease to 20th Century-Fox, it is being shared with

other studios, notably, MGM. The story goes that CinemaScope starts where Cinerama leaves off, and that all other types are inferior, if not mediocre, in comparison. Only time, and the forthcoming release of MGM's "Arena," produced in that medium, will tell.

Nevertheless, no idle threat is the industry's decision to convert a large part of its output to CinemaScope, Cinerama, Natural Vision, Stereo-Techniques, Paravision, Bolex-Stereo, and countless other versions of the three-D's.

The big question then is: what of the Hollywood star? Will he or she be affected? Will the top-ranking stars undergo the same labor pangs of rebirth as happened before, when some of the most popular and best-established stars died a miserable death, and newcomers flew up the new ladder to fame and fortune?

A whole new technique of production, if you listen to the experts, will have to be devised if the new medium is to be at all successful. For instance, on the huge curved screens made necessary by both Cinerama and CinemaScope, and other patents, the close-up is practically an impossibility.

The torrid love scene, the protracted kiss that lasts an age, the endearing, delicate and intimate words of a man wooing a woman—all that will be lost in the romantic movie of tomorrow.

Not only will the stars be restricted in their actions and movements—and even in their conversations—but the cameras will almost be at a standstill. In Cinerama or CinemaScope, the camera, presently, can't move sideways, or up and down. The camera, being the eye of the audience, has to stay put!

If the blunt and almost ugly truth be told, the advent of the three D's means the exploitation of panoramic space and impressive crowds rather than intimate settings and the stars which decorate them. As a star of tomorrow, the flame-and-lava erupting volcano of Paracutin may easily replace the fiery tones of a Lanza, or the red-hot allure of a Marilyn Monroe.

But no matter how you look at it, the three D's spell adventure—strange excursions into the unknown, playing with real fire, hit-and-run experiences with flying spears and guns exploding in the face, escape from floods and cities reduced to rubble around your head—all of it while you wait. No question, if you like that sort of thing, that the thrill is there.

The stars who may fare best in the new medium—just as in television—may well be those whose basic training was in the legitimate theatre and who are thus used to playing always to the audience, rather than expecting the camera to pick them up whichever way they turn.

Sad truth of the matter is that the three D's—if mishandled, over-exploited, and produced for sensation rather than entertainment—may only spell monotony. It is no secret that the 95,000,000 Americans who go to the movies enjoy their intimacy. If that goes, the thrill of movie-going may be endangered.

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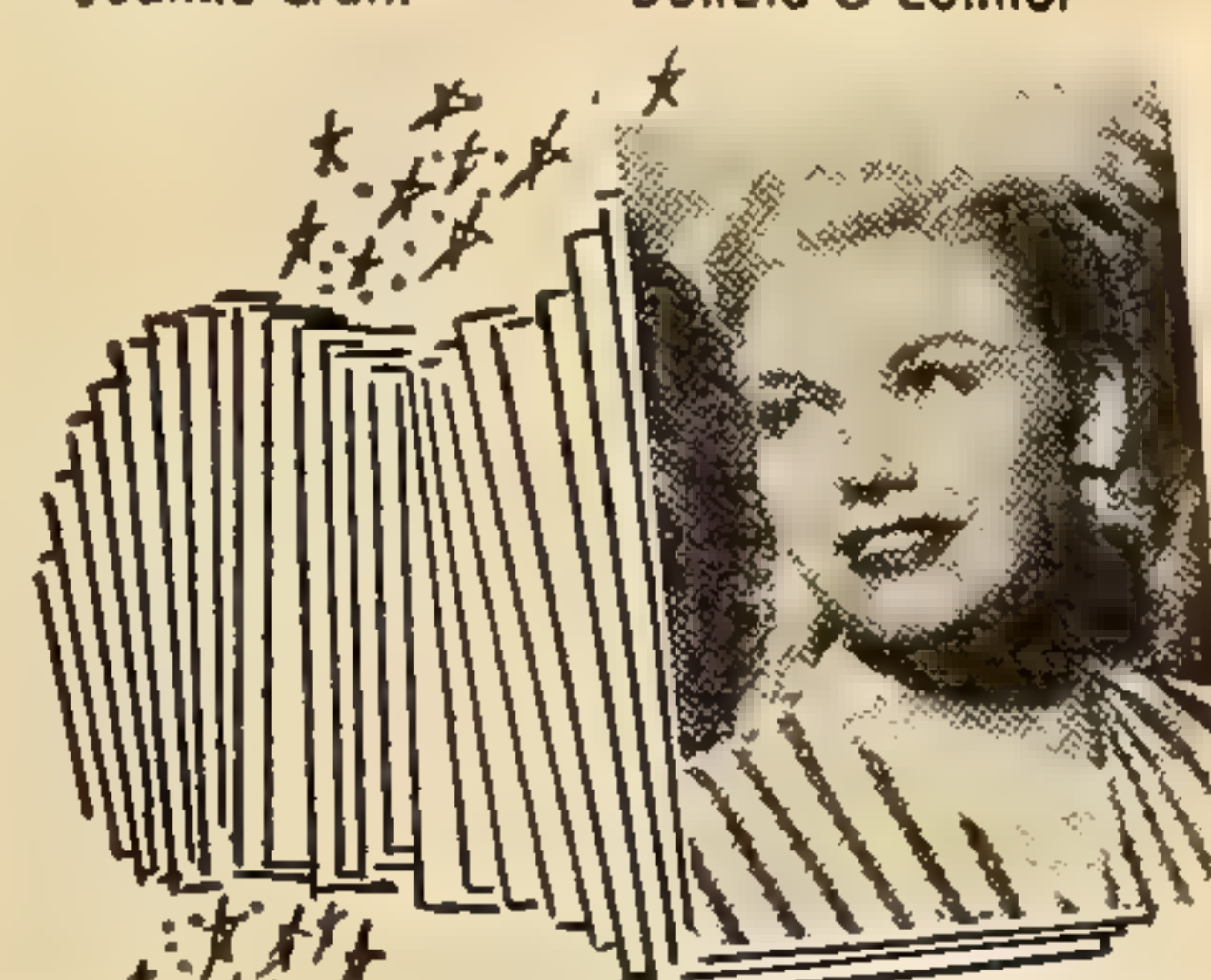
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Doris Day
Lana Turner
William Holden
Gary Cooper
Bob Mitchum
Gregory Peck
Wm. Lundigan
Robert Young
Vic Damone
Hopalong Cassidy
Turhan Bey
Guy Madison
John Payne
Tyrone Power
Howard Keel
Frank Sinatra
Gene Kelly
Sally Forrest
Ruth Roman
Virginia Mayo
Cary Grant
Donald O'Connor



Jane Wyman
Peter Lawford
Red Skelton
Mickey Rooney
Gene Autry
Clark Gable
Lex Barker
Anthony Dexter
Spencer Tracy
Corinne Calvet
John Agar
Joan Crawford
June Haver
Lauren Bacall
Gloria DeHaven
Rita Hayworth
Kirk Douglas
Errol Flynn
Anthony Curtis
Ava Gardner
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UNMASKING BURTON

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

you've seen him only as the sensitive, brooding character that won him such acclaim in "My Cousin Rachel," his first American film. I assumed in person he'd be very much like that bewildered, moonstruck lover who couldn't understand Olivia de Havilland. How wrong I was! His role was simply a sample of his versatile acting ability! Richard is never confused for long. He understands women well, has far too much masculine energy to suffer their domination.

In "The Desert Rats" Richard is entirely different than in "My Cousin Rachel." He's raced away from romance to be equally effective as a harsh, fanatical infantry officer. Actually, he has no sympathy for such cold hardness. In person he warms you with his charm and wit.

On completing the magnificent CinemaScope film "The Robe," Richard is letting the deluge of movie offers wait. Undoubtedly, he'll be back next year. Now, though he's worth \$175,000 per picture, he's agreed to work for the last half of 1953 on the stage of the famous Old Vic Theatre in London. There he tackles "Hamlet" for the first time, and follows with three more Shakespearean roles. He'll make approximately \$200 a week instead of his staggering Hollywood salary. Money, obviously, isn't everything to him.

Yet he admits frankly that he was born very poor, one of thirteen children of a miner in an isolated mining village in Wales. "For a thousand years there wasn't a road to our village—it's named Ponttrydyfen, and pronounced Pontardeven and then in 1944, during the War, the Americans built one."

Motherless at the age of two, Richard well remembers his eldest sister, Cecilia, with an undying devotion, for he grew up under her loving encouragement. His six older brothers all worked as laborers down in the mines until they could gradually progress to better jobs. They hoped Richard could be more fortunate. He spoke only Welsh until aged eight. To climb from the submerged working class and try for a brighter future depended on his first mastering the English language.

You've not heard him sing yet, but that's what originally stirred ambition in Richard. As a boy he won several prizes in Welsh annual singing festivals. Today he's a fine baritone, aching to sing in a musical. Richard recalls 600 Welsh songs easily, and can render them, too, if you insist!

He qualified for the high school in the nearest town, sixteen miles away. Richard was the first boy from his district to pass the stiff entrance exams in thirty-five years. At Port Talbot, living in his sister Cecilia's home, he won the invaluable friendship of Philip Burton, the school's dramatic teacher. It was Burton who inspired him to try acting. "He taught me to speak English without my Welsh accent. I mimicked his speech."

Richard next captured a coveted year's scholarship at Oxford. But he couldn't accept it till he was seventeen, leaving a year to go. The only work seemed to be in the mines. But by scanning the local newspaper ads he came across an unusual job to be had. Emlyn Williams, the Welsh star and playwright who'd zoomed in London, had advertised for an actor of 22 who could speak Welsh. Spurred on by his favorite teacher and his sister Cecilia, Richard boldly went to London, read for the role, and made his professional debut there at 16! The play ran for seven months at St. Martin's Theatre in the West End, then toured key cities for three months. "I never would have been suitable if it hadn't been for Philip Burton, who's been a second father to me." That's why Richard, born Richard Jenkins, changed his last name in appreciation for the faith that never failed.

At 17 he went to Oxford. The scholarship only paid for his tuition, and Philip Burton again helped by paying for his clothes, room and basic costs of living. He majored in English and Italian, but concentrated on acting with The Ouds, the Oxford dramatic society, appearing importantly in five of their dramas.

"The last one for that year was presented in the majestic cathedral, a marvelous old building full of ancient archways. I gave the most upsetting, painful performance of my life there. To punctuate a frenzied climaxing speech I pushed at a wall as I cried, 'Ha!' A half a ton of masonry crumbled down on me and I had to finish the scene absolutely blinded. That impulsiveness turned a high drama into the rankest comedy. I can still hear the howls of laughter haunting me."

At the end of his year he was of army age, so he enlisted in the Royal Air Force and was shipped to Canada to train as a navigator. "I had a hectic time in service. I became a sergeant, but was reduced to a private again because of a little difference." Before being discharged he was a sergeant once more, and he also saw New York before taking off his uniform.

"A pal of mine, David Evans, hitchhiked from Winnipeg with me when we got a leave. We were almost to Buffalo when we were picked up by Spencer Jones, who happened to be of Welsh descent. He hospitably put us up at his home for the night, and the next day Mrs. Jones insisted on advancing her shopping trip to New York City so they could take us there.

"While London is my favorite city, and I'm fascinated by Hollywood, New York is the most exciting one to me. We slept on the steps of the main post-office our first night. We phoned Columbia University next day and asked if they had dormitory space for two soldiers who were ex-Oxford and ex-Cambridge. It was vacation time, so they were generous. We ate in canteens for servicemen and otherwise sang for sup-



Dick Burton won raves for "My Cousin Rachel," with Olivia de Havilland.

pers." All those Welsh songs of Richard's got a workout, were in fact, a bonanza in bars. "We couldn't afford subway fare, naturally," he admits, "so we made skilful, last second flying leaps and rode for free. You had to wait till the trains were about ready to pull out or they'd catch you, I remember. More guards chased us in vain!"

He was en route to Wales when he received his civilian status again. During the four-hour lull between trains in London he decided to phone Hugh "Binkie" Beaumont, managing director of England's most successful theatrical company. Beaumont had seen Richard "bring down the house" in the cathedral at Oxford and had suggested he look him up after his period in uniform. Richard never got to Wales then because he immediately signed a year's contract to act in a major London theatre once more.

As a daytime job he took on the film role of a young man who murdered an older gentleman. Ironically, this older fellow was acted by none other than Emlyn Williams, who'd given Richard his teen-age break in London. "He knew I didn't mean my meanness in that part!"

Still, that isn't all that marks his movie start.

"On my first day before a camera I couldn't help noticing a lovely young girl who had a small bit. We never were introduced. I simply started talking to her." He found she was Welsh, too, and a dramatic student who'd captured her first acting job in this film. He learned she had the next day off and asked if he could call her. Bewitched, she said yes, Sybil Burton has told me since. He forgot, and then she was bothered. But she worked the third day. Within two weeks he'd persuaded her they should marry. In five months they did, and have shared satisfactions for three-and-a-half cyclonic years since.

He once got a bawling out for not dressing well from Daphne Fry, casting director for his employers. "I belong to the school of badly dressed actors," Richard says, grinning. "Daphne, my theatrical godmother, finally got me to the best tailor she knows and two custom-made suits cost me a fortune. Two days after I'd worn them they looked

as bad as if they'd been cheap, so I gave up." He quips that, fashionwise, he's Britain's Brando or the poor man's Olivier! He likes Sybil to be dressed prettily, however, and her unaffected good taste is stunning.

That same Daphne fondly gave them their wedding breakfast after attending their 8:45 a.m. ceremony. It was scheduled early because he had a rehearsal and Sybil had a matinee.

It was while at Stratford-on-Avon that Richard signed his long-term contract with Alexander Korda, who has loaned him to 20th Century-Fox for three movies in a row. Another odd circumstance is that he's the first star to act for a completely unknown sum when everyone's clamoring for him. What he'll eventually net for "The Robe" is yet to be settled. Korda will pay him a bonus since so much profit has been made on lending Richard. Meanwhile, Richard has been living on a comparatively small allowance from 20th. Since he is a British citizen his taxes in London are far more enormous than whatever he'll net. To keep \$15,000 a year there he must earn approximately \$210,000, which gives you a rough idea of how he ends up in spite of his worth to producers.

"When you have been on the edge of poverty for years you are grateful for some material security, but it isn't the only goal for me. Living as much as I can each day that I wake is!" So he's thrifty, but never will be greedy. He began married life by buying a tiny four-flat building in the Hampstead section of London. He and Sybil have only been able to be there three months altogether, but they lease the other three flats and know their bit of earth is paid for.

In Hollywood they first stayed with the James Masons, then with the Stewart Grangers. "The Grangers' kitchen intrigued me," Richard reveals. "All those electrical gadgets are dumbfounding. I threw potato peeling into their garbage disposal for two hours straight. I couldn't believe it!" When they first called upon the Bogarts, who have an elaborate new residence, Richard considered the marble terrace so vast he instinctively jumped on a rug and slid wildly across it. They settled for a small cottage the Masons used for a while as a schoolhouse for their daughter. Sybil does all the house-keeping, including the cooking.

He hates to dress up for a party, but once there he's apt to remain until 5 a.m. and is the most entertaining guest present. He shocked James Mason, who has a strictly tailored wardrobe, by contentedly buying a suit in Hollywood the other day for \$22, but concedes it looked sad by its first nightfall. His favorite actor? "Wallace Beery! I'd go any distance to catch an old film of his." Virginia Mayo is the actress he loves to watch. "To be strictly truthful, women don't generally grip my imagination as actresses. I prefer thinking of them as women!"

Never judge him by one of his roles alone. Each one is a mask. But now you know what the man, who puts on so deft a characterization when acting, is like when he isn't acting. **END**

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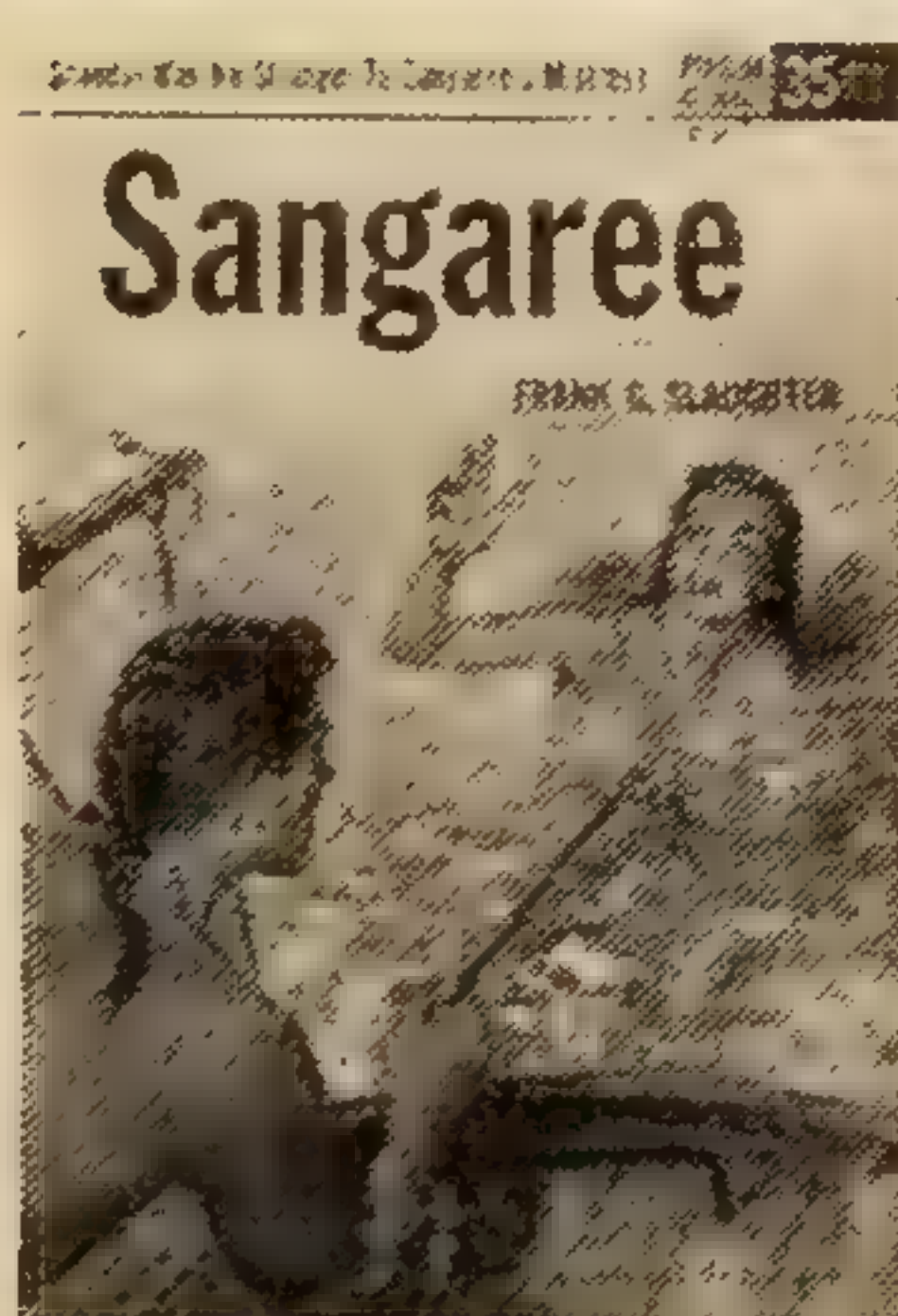
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GRADUATE TO GLAMOUR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

has a handy Evening in Paris Cologne stick, a travel size bottle of matching toilet water, and a new Evening in Paris Deodorant Stick—bonanza value for a traveler at \$1. The third, Double Take, has the finishing touches for much after-bath luxury. Double Take supplies a flacon of Evening in Paris Toilet Water and equally fragrant Talcum. This time the saving to you is a full \$1 (\$2 value for \$1).

Not to be outdone by *anyone*, Prince Matchabelli has turned out both a completely new perfume and a new Perfume Collection. You don't need to be confused by this embarrassment of riches though, for the only way you can get your hands on the new perfume is by saving a large portion of the five dollar bill the perfumes in the collection would normally cost, and investing just \$1.95

(plus tax) for the Perfume Collection package. Your reward will be four one-half dram crown-shaped bottles filled with three of Matchabelli's most popular perfumes and, you guessed it, one of the debutante, Wind Song. The pink package that holds the four perfumes is not only attractive but it's designed in such a way that when you open it each perfume comes into view above a description that tells you what you need to know about it. Beloved, Crown Jewel, and Stradivari are such well-established spell-binders that you probably won't need to read the informative key to their charms. Wind Song is a different story—it's characterized as "a crisp, dry, floral fragrance—not too sweet." After several try-ons, we agree that it's all of those things plus something more—it's enchantingly feminine.

END

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

acquaintances who insist she's "a striking brunette" the very week she's giving Arlene Dahl competition as a carrot-top.

Zsa Zsa Gabor left a trail of "broken hearts" behind her when she flew from New York to Hollywood, after visiting husband George Sanders in Rome, Italy. Heart-shaped vases, made of glass, bearing dozens of red roses, sent to her by local fan club members, were arrayed on a foyer table. In a dash to make the hotel elevator en route to the airport, she collided with the floral gifts and the smashing and splintering noise only added to the general confusion that exists when a Gabor, particularly Zsa Zsa, heads in any one direction. Scooping up a handful of the flowers she did manage an effective exit from the hotel, while her adoring fans clustered about her limousine.

Tyrone Power, at the Mont D'Or after a performance of "John Brown's Body," was asked if he knew of any young male star in Hollywood today who might duplicate his own picture success. He didn't hesitate a minute to say, "Yes, Richard Allan. He's caught on the way I was lucky enough to after I made a one-minute appearance in 'Girls' Dormitory' which starred Simone Simon." Queried as to a second choice, he named Robert Wagner. "He's well on his way now," said Ty, "and that electrifying moment in 'With A Song In My Heart' did it. Both Dick Allan and Bob Wagner have a long way to go yet. I hope they enjoy it as I have, and as much as I expect to in the future."

DIRECTOR GEORGE CUKOR, who almost convinced Garbo she should make "My Cousin Rachel" (before Olivia de Havilland took the role), isn't giving up his determination to get her back on the screen. After a three-hour explosive

gabfest at the Colony, Garbo was adamant about not coming out of retirement.

Clelia Pinza, 12, and brother, Pietro, 9, are slated for a weekly kid disc jockey show, with an assist from their famous daddy, Ezio Pinza.

The score of Rosalind Russell's "Wonderful Town" was recorded by Decca Records, with the original Broadway cast, eight days after its New York premiere, and hit the music stalls four weeks later. Now it's the platter album Roz's fans are having her autograph at the Winter Garden stage door nightly.

WILL ROGERS JR., quits film-making and returns to his first love, politics, after a whirl through Manhattan following his second and final Warner Brothers movie chore.

Dick Haymes, who planed in from Hollywood just to make an appearance at a big charity benefit at Madison Square Garden, won an ovation from the audience for his song contributions. The actor-singer wept backstage after he was thanked for his share of the entertainment. He said "I'm the one who was honored" and left immediately for the airport to return to Hollywood.

Irving Berlin, in a huddle with Ethel "Call Me Madam" Merman at El Morocco, told her of signing a three-year, three-way deal with 20th Century-Fox as producer-author-composer. The Great Merm, who will star in "No Business Like Show Business," at 20th, has given up her fabulous Broadway career as the Number One Musical Comedy Queen to concentrate on Hollywood. Don't be surprised if she teams up with Ginger Rogers for the long-awaited "Topsy And Eva" project.

END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

nation's twenty-two million TV sets. It hasn't always been easy to want to get home early enough for films heretofore available. There have been as many dull motion pictures sloughed off on an unsuspecting TV public during the last five years as there are now features worthy of TV fans inviting friends over to the house to see them.

It's been fun watching Laurel and Hardy caper through their hilarious "Bohemian Girl" and just as entertaining to see Barry Fitzgerald and the late Walter Huston add suspense to the mystery film, "And Then There Were None." In truth, I'm not so sure I enjoyed these particular offerings as much when they were first released in movie theatres as I do now.

However, I shudder every time Joan Crawford's "Rain" is listed for viewing and I'm positive most of you readers do the same. What was accepted as a flop film years ago is now still making the rounds and heading most of the UNpopularity polls. Joan, an extremely talented star today, was in the growing-up-as-an-actress stage when "Rain" was made twenty years ago. She doesn't like having it shown to TV audiences any more than viewers seem to care about having it scheduled. There's nothing anyone can do about it I imagine, although it is my

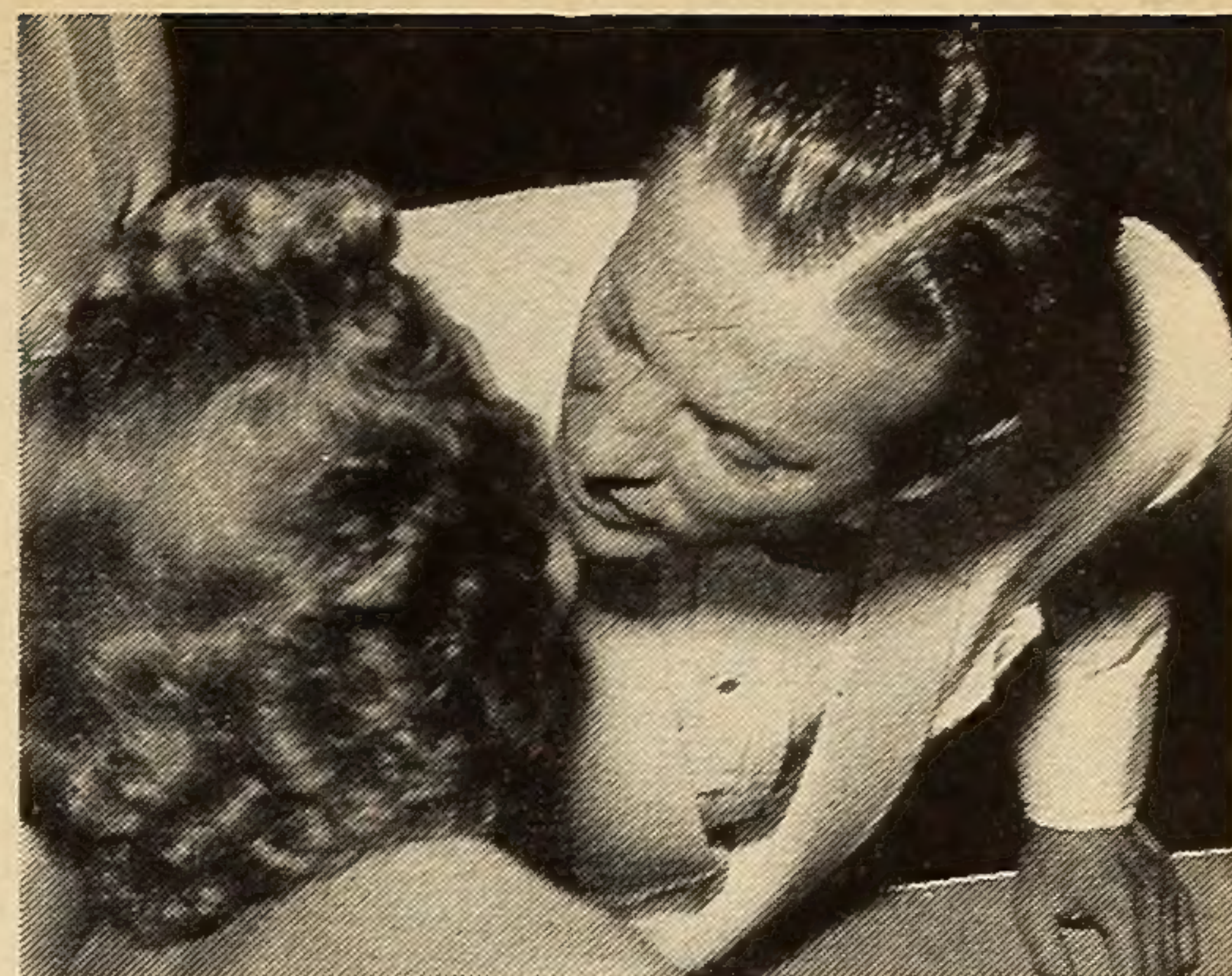
fondlest wish this movie "mishap" would get lost on our video channels, once and for all.

Weirdest rumor in video circles has it that Garry Moore is secretly practicing Yogi and will spring it as a surprise to his fans on a forthcoming telecast.

Denise Darcel promised Walter Winchell she would shed eighteen pounds in record time and did just that. Last reports have it, however, the French actress-singer is gaining back the excessive weight she fought so hard to lose. Her heavy Summertime TV schedule may help her get back into the pink of condition. That, plus the friendly teasing of Walter, should do it.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis plan turning straight dramatic actors in a future TV program which should amuse their fans. These talented guys want to prove to themselves, and their friends, they can do almost anything, even "Hamlet," if necessary.

Screen star Ann Sheridan may forsake Hollywood entirely and devote her time and talents to TV, as suggested to her by the late Steve Hannagan, her long-time beau and, in Ann's own words, "the best friend I ever had!" Ann will



Bob Cummings kisses wife Mary before taking stage for Racquet Club show.

soon be seen in a 30-minute telefilm on the popular Ford Theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor aren't too happy at the prospect of an English movie, "Mrs. Fitzherbert," being sold to American TV channels. The film tells the 150-year-old story of King George IV and "Princess Fitz" and bears too close a parallel to the famous "Woman I Love" saga. For a Coronation year, in particular, I agree it's in bad taste. . .

If you doubt Vic Damone is the hottest singer of his day, lend an ear to this. At a favorite vacation spot in Palm Springs, California, he gave an impromptu concert in the main dining room of his hotel. Right in the middle of his version

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LOSE WEIGHT OR MONEY BACK

of "Luna Rosa," the sprinkler system went off dousing him and his audience thoroughly. Damone, however, though drenched, returned to finish his song while waiters furiously mopped the floors. As Vic recalled the incident, he added, "those waiters mopped in rhythm. They were wonderful!"

You may not agree with me, but this is my list of the Ten Men in TV Who Possess The Most Sex Appeal!

Perry Como, Robert Cummings, Joe DiMaggio, Charles Farrell, John Hart, Adolphe Menjou, Garry Moore, Bert Parks, Jerome Thor, Jack Webb. Any questions girls?

Barbara Nichols, who as *Agathon* never quite made the grade as a substitute for Dagmar, has been publicized as "The Girl We'd Most Like To Hound" on behalf of the National Hound Foundation. Suitably (?) attired in a bathing costume, she was photographed with Morgan, the basset hound, and the picture found its way into newspapers. I have been told the buxom Miss Nichols will now be asked to accept the honor (?) of being promoted as "Miss TV Tubes For 1953" by an enterprising manufacturer. It has been suggested that *Agathon* pose for pictures wearing a bra and Bikini in front of a 27-inch TV set.

I enjoy football, baseball and hockey on TV, always have and expect I always will. But the Roller Derby leaves me cold. I find this type of sport as dull as the drone of the skates.

Whatever became of Milton Berle's plan to write a sequel to his "Out Of My Trunk." Supposedly entitled, "Back In The Trunk," the second book of anecdotes is long overdue. Does "Uncle Miltie" plan completing it during his Summer "vacation?"

I think Michel of Paris has done more to improve the hair styles of video Venuses than any other hairdresser extant. His celebrated New York salon caters to most of the top professional TV actresses who seek out his shear-talents for a much needed lift in personality and appearance. Michel goes to work on these famous heads and they reel away inspired and at the same time are awe-inspiring with the magic he has woven about their crowning glories.

The critical pannings given Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on behalf of his TV commercials are unwarranted. He's merely ahead of his time. Wait and see. . .

The statistics are in and all viewers of TV are being informed of the proper distance they should sit from their screens. Specialists in this field, optometrically speaking, insist a 10-inch screen should be watched from eight feet away, a 16-inch from 14 feet and a 20 foot spacing is just about right for those with 24-inch screens. I'm not in complete agreement with these figures. I speak only as

one fortunate in having 20/20 vision. I, by the way, have two TV sets, a 14-inch at the foot of our bed and a 17-inch in the library.

With the clearest possible reception, without too much light or a wavering image, I find mild, indirect light doesn't cause me any undue eyestrain. Like most viewers, I do not concentrate on the screen for too long and never use dark

glasses. With TV now the great national pastime, rules to protect your eyes are not to be scorned. I always like to sit as far back as possible at the movies, but sit quite close watching TV programs. END

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggi's Private Wire" at 12:15 P.M. E.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York.

RECORD ROUNDUP

By BILL SILBERT

"Silbert At Six" is heard over WMGM, Monday through Saturday, 6:00 to 7:00 P.M. EST. "Bill Silbert Show" is heard over WABD, Monday through Friday, 11:30 to Midnight EST.

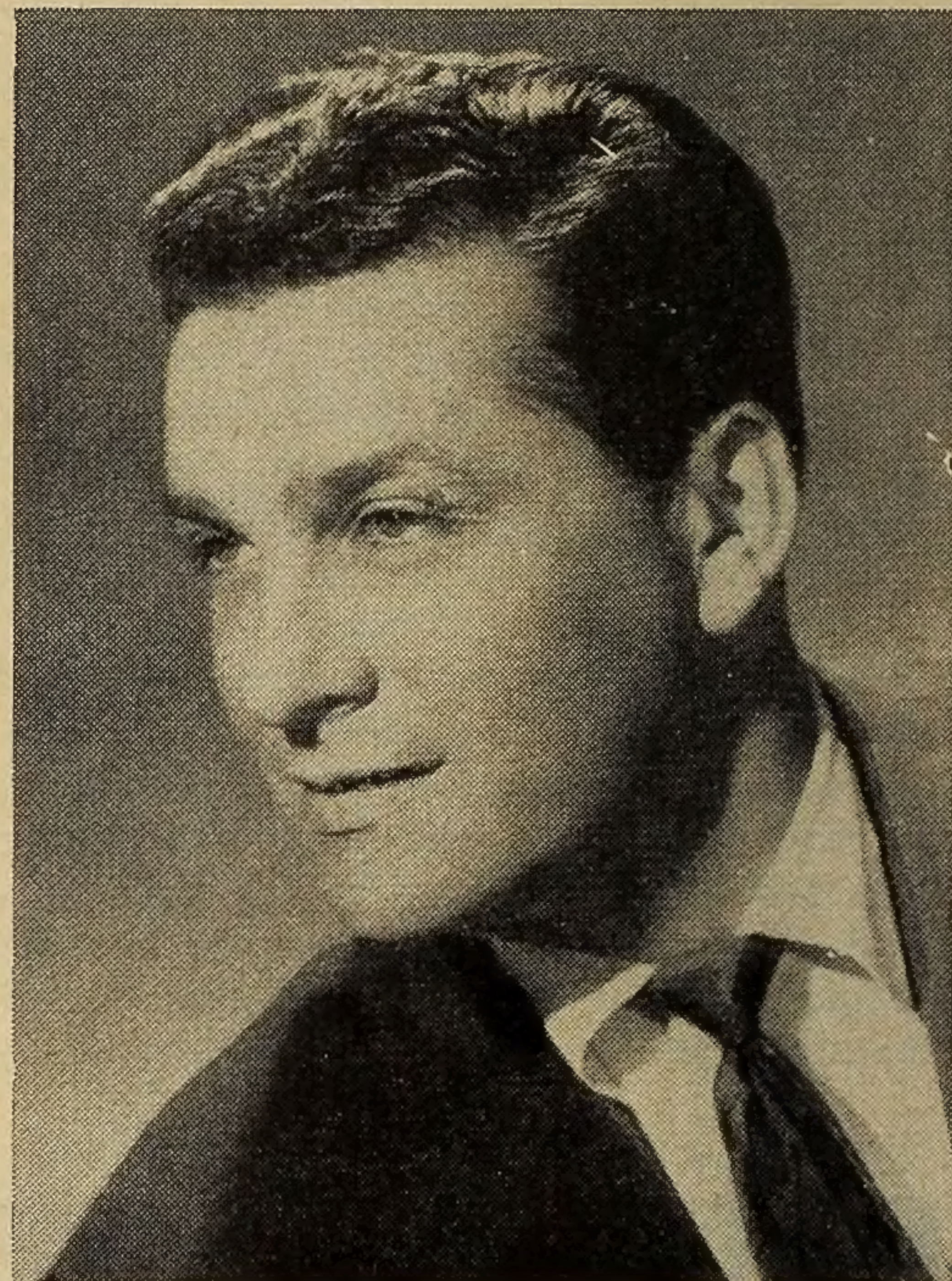
BILL, our guest record columnist for this month, hails from Detroit. He's been an actor, singer, sportscaster, script writer, disc jockey and emcee on several radio and TV shows. He is about to be tested by a major Hollywood studio.

Tops In Movie Music

NAT KING COLE's "Blue Gardenia," from film of same name, and "Can't I" for Capitol . . . "Anna" and "I Loved You," from "Anna," by Silvana Mangano for MGM . . . "Kiss," from "Niagara," and "Condemned Without Trial" by Ginny Gibson for MGM . . . Jane Russell's "The Gilded Lily," from "Montana Belle," and "The Wrong Kind Of Love" for American . . . "Following The Leader" and "Never Smile At A Crocodile," from "Peter Pan," by the Paulette Sisters for Columbia . . . Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer doing "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo" and "Lili And The Puppets" from "Lili," for MGM . . . Danny Kaye's "Hans Christian Andersen" album for Decca . . . Bing Crosby's "A Quiet Girl" and "Ohio" for Decca . . . Rosemary Clooney's "What Would You Do" and "I Laughed Until I Cried" for Columbia . . . "The Song From Moulin Rouge," from "Moulin Rouge," and "Swedish Rhapsody" by Felicia Sanders-Percy Faith for Columbia . . . MGM's "I Love Melvin" album, starring Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor . . .

Other Toppers

JO STAFFORD'S "Without My Love" and "Smoking My Sad Cigarette" for Columbia . . . Karen Chandler's "I'd Love To Fall Asleep" and "Goodbye, Charlie, Goodbye" for Coral . . . Fred Waring's "Just A Dream Of You" and "One To



Remember" for Decca . . . "Train, Train, Train" and "I Can't Get Started" by Buddy Morrow for Victor . . . Jackie Gleason's "Melancholy Serenade" and "You're Getting To Be A Habit" for Capitol . . . Johnnie Ray's "Somebody Stole My Gal" and "Glad Rag Doll" for Columbia . . . "Oh, Happy Day" and "Your Mother And Mine" by Lawrence Welk for Coral . . . "I'm Sitting On Top Of The World" and "Sleep" by Les Paul and Mary Ford for Capitol . . . Vic Damone's "Love Light" and "Afraid" for Mercury . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Co-Ed" and "Don't Build Your Dreams Too High" for Victor . . . Pearl Bailey's "Hug Me A Hug" and "I Always Shake The Tree" for Coral . . . Danny Winchell's "Ohio" and "I Can't Help Loving You" for MGM . . . Sunny Gale's "I Feel Like I'm Gonna Live Forever" and "How Could You" for Victor . . .

Grab Bag

ARTHUR GODFREY'S "Calendar Show" album for Columbia . . . "Mambo At The Meadowbrook" and "Little Old Lady" by the Douglas Duke Trio for Mercury . . . "And The Bull Walked Away, Olay" and "Mama, He Treats Me Mean" by the Ramblers for Victor . . . Duke Ellington's "Ellington Uptown" album for Columbia . . . Hank Williams' "Memorial Album" for MGM . . . END

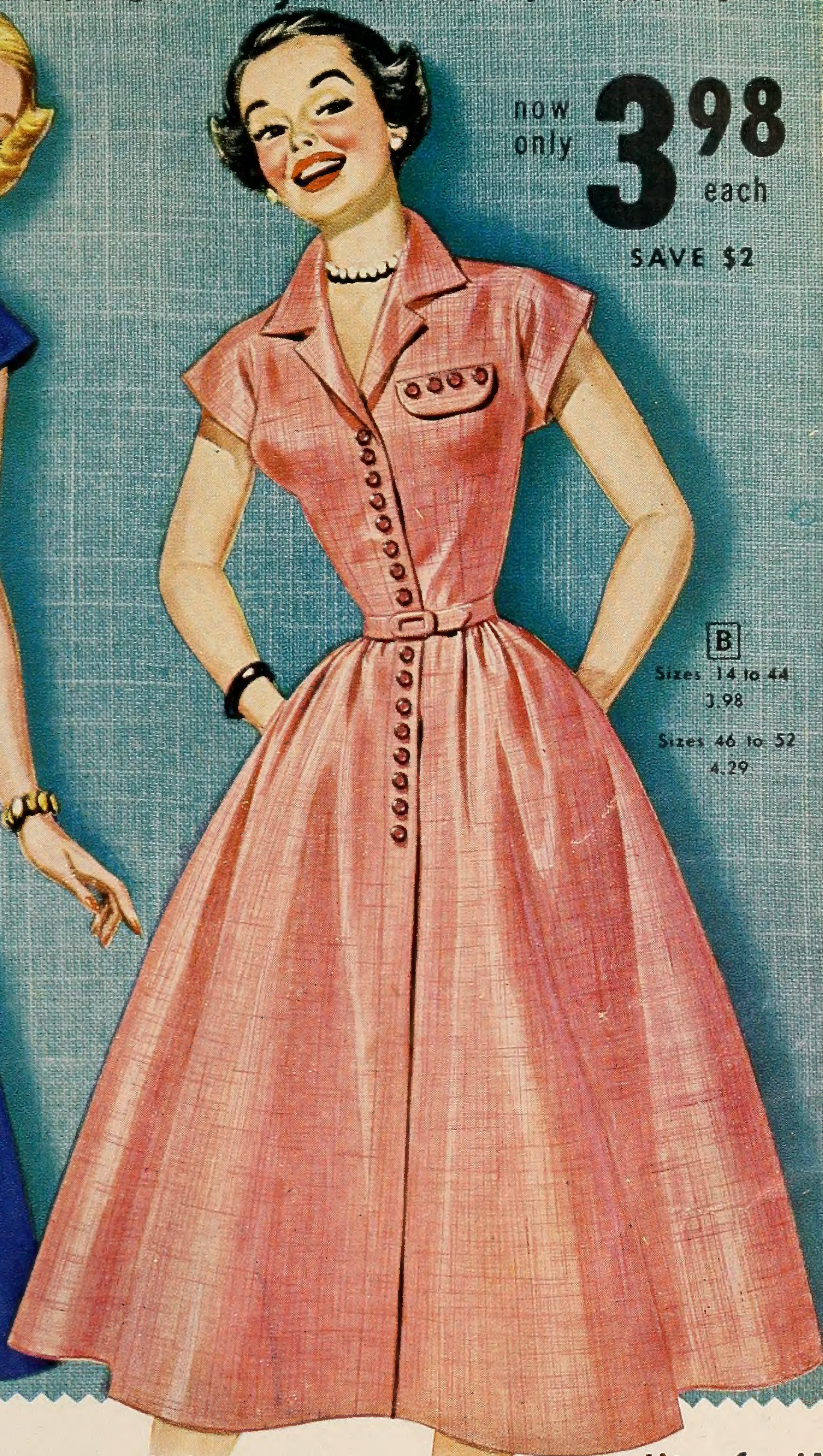
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